MILLIDEK

1921

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Eighteenth Volume

of the

Millidek

for the Year 1921

The

James Millikin

University

SUNRISE ON THE TOWER

That you, alumnae, may find cause to recall your undergraduate days;

That you, our instructors, may view these months as we have lived them;

That you, fellow students, may find a record of a joyous year;

Thru the 1921 Millidek---

It is for this

We Greet You.

Horace Wilson McDavid, '07

His knowledge of our needs, his sympathetic understanding of our problems, his devotion to our purposes, his belief in us mark him as

Our Counsellor.

"Here is taught the dignity of labor
And the worth of primal things." .....

"Pile high the buildings, wall and tower
Where law and learning radiate their power."

"Ascending and descending
How many hundreds wending
The diverse ways to truth,
have come and gone!"

"Come to these scenes of peace,

. . . . . .

..The sweet birds all the summer sing,
Where cares and toil and sadness cease!"

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in every reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right."

"At morn I take my customed round,
To mark how buds yon shrubbry mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
. . . . . .
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray."

"Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny play
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward life."

"O winter, ruler of the inverted year
I love thee . . . . dreaded as thou art."

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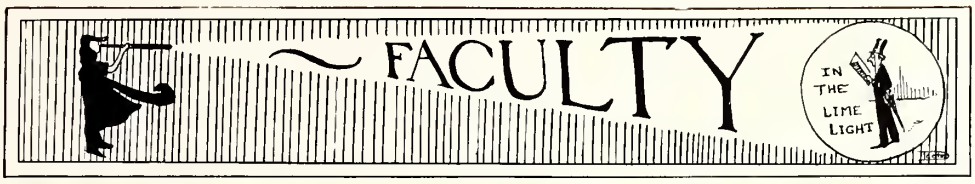

FACULTY
IN THE LIME LIGHT

DOCTOR LOUIS EDWARD HOLDEN
President, The James Millikin University

LILLIAN MERRILL WALKER
DEAN OF WOMEN
A. B. Oxford College.

ARTHUR WALD
ACTING DEAN OF COLLEGE
PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES
A. B. Augustana College 1905; Ph. D. University of Chicago 1919.

A year ago we were scarcely acquainted with Dr. Holden, our new President. We knew, of course, of his educational prominence, of his business ability, and in a vague way, realized that we were fortunate in having him. Now we are sure of it. The rapidity with which he secured more than the sums recommended by the committe from the University of Illinois for the library, chemistry and physics laboratories, the marked improvement in buildings and grounds—all indicate that under his direction and care, Millikin is going to grow.

The year, too, has brought us into a much closer personal contact with our President, and we have grown to honor and respect him more, and take a genuine pride in Millikin because of his leadership.

A word of recognition is due here to Dr. Arthur Wald, Acting Dean of the College. The place Dean Hessler left is a hard one to fill; we expected a great deal from his successor, and we have it all. For Dr. Wald, with his straightforwardness, his square-play, has won the admiration and trust of every student in the University.

CALVERT WELCH DYER

K Σ

SECRETARY AND AUDITOR

A. B. Cumberland University 1900; Lockyear's Business College, Indiana, 1902.

LUCILE MARGARET BRAGG

K

RECORDER

INSTRUCTOR IN ANCIENT LANGUAGES

A. B. James Millikin University 1909; A. M. 1910.

ISABELLA THOMPSON MACHAN

PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND LATIN

A. B. Wellesley College 1887; A. M. 1905.

CLYDE WILLIAM HART

T K E

PROFESSOR OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

A. B. James Millikin University 1915.

GRACE PATTEN CONANT

Φ Β Κ, Η Μ Θ

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

A. B. Bates College; A. M. Cornell University 1897; Fellow 1898; Fellow University of Chicago 1899; Litt. D. Bates College 1914.

DAVIDA McCASLIN

Δ Δ Δ

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC

A. B. Coe College 1904; B. S. James Millikin University 1907; A. M. University of Minnesota 1912.

CAROLINE LUTZ

Η Β Φ

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

A. B. Goucher College 1911; A. M. Columbia University 1916; Harvard Summer School 1920; Milwaukee Downer, and Westhampton Colleges.

CHARLINE FENDER WOOD

INSTRUCTOR IN RHETORIC

A. B. Western College for Women 1905; University of Chicago, Summer of 1913; Columbia University, Summers of 1917-19, Second Semester of 1920.

ALBERT TAYLOR MILLS

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

Kansas State Normal School 1893, 1896; A. B. University of Michigan 1899; A. M. 1908; University of Chicago 1899.

WILLIAM C. CASEY

Τ Κ Ε

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

Illinois State Normal University 1909-11; A. B. James Millikin University 1916.

EUGENIA ALLIN

Φ Δ Ψ

LIBRARIAN AND PROFESSOR OF LIBRARY SCIENCE

B. L. S. University of Illinois 1903; Librarian and Professor of Library Science James Millikin University 1903-10; Organizer Illinois Library Extension commission 1910-14; Librarian and Professor of Library Science James Millikin University 1914—.

MARY BELLE PRICE

Π Β Φ

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

A. B. James Millikin University 1917.

ALEXANDER PEEBLES KELSO

PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL HISTORY AND LITERATURE

A. B. Washington and Jefferson 1906; B. D. Western Theological Seminary 1910; Summer Semester, Leipsic, 1910-11; A. B. Oxford 1912; B. Sc. School of Litterae Humaniores, Research, 1913.

LUTHER BATEMAN HENDERSON

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND HEAD OF THE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

New Jersey State Normal School 1902; B. S. New York University 1906; M. A., B. D. Yale University 1909; University of Goettingen, Markburg, and Berlin, Germany, 1909-11.

ARTHUR WALD

ACTING DEAN OF COLLEGE

PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES

A. B. Augustana College 1905; University Upsala 1909-10; A. B. University of Nancy, Summer 1910; University of Goettingen 1910-11; University of Chicago 1916-18; Fellow 1917-18; Assistant in German, University of Chicago 1910; Ph. D. University of Chicago 1919.

BONNIE R. BLACKBURN

K, Δ Δ Δ

PROFESSOR OF FRENCH

A. B. James Millikin University 1908; University of Chicago.

JESSIE LOCKETT
Π Β Φ
PROFESSOR OF FRENCH

B. L. Smith College 1897; LaSorbonne, Paris, 1908-11.

LELAH BELL DAVIS
Π Β Φ, Π Μ Θ
INSTRUCTOR IN FRENCH

A. B. James Millikin University 1914.

WALTER JOHN RISLEY
Δ Τ Δ
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

B. S. University of Michigan 1900; A. M. University of Illinois 1907; A. M. Harvard University 1908.

SHERMAN DANIEL CHAMBERS
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AND CIVIL ENGINEERING

B. S. 1904 Baldwin-Wallace College; C. E. Lehigh University 1918.

WILLIAM BELLIS

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

Ph. B. State Normal College, Upsilanti, 1896; B. S. University of Chicago 1905; Graduate Work University of Chicago, Madison, Harvard, and Cornell.

ANSEL AUGUSTUS TYLER

Δ T, Φ B K, Σ Ξ

PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY

A. B. Lafayette College 1892; A. M. 1895; Ph. D. Columbia University 1897.

JESSE R. CHRISTIE

G A, Σ Ξ

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY

B. S. in Agriculture, University of Kentucky 1913-14; New Hampshire 1909-13; Graduate Work 1914-15; M. S. University of Illinois 1916-18; Maryland State College 1915-16; Fairmount College 1919-20.

ELSIE COLLIER

E A I

INSTRUCTOR IN BIOLOGY

Ph. B. University of Chicago 1915; M. A. Leland Stanford Jr. University 1919.

ESTHER L. McCREDIE
INSTRUCTOR OF CHEMISTRY
A. B. Albion College 1918.

ELTON RICHMOND DARLING
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY
Ph. D. University of Southern Minnesota; Bradford Durfee Textile School; New Bedford State Textile School; Post-Graduate Work at Brown, Clark, Wesleyan, Chicago and Illinois Universities.

BERNARD WINCHESTER THOMPSON
INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY
Purdue University 1913; B. S. in Pharmacy.

FRED D. TOWNSLEY
Φ Δ Κ
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS
Indiana State Normal 1905; A. B. Wabash College 1911.

NORMAN G. WANN

B Φ Σ

DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR MEN

Earlham College.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE SMITH

Φ B K

PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS

DIRECTOR OF COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A. B. Lafayette College 1880; A. M. 1883; Ll. D. 1905. Headmaster Englewood (N. J.) School for Boys 1885-95; Headmaster Berkeley School (N. Y.) 1904-05; President Coe College 1905-08.

LAURA DURKEE

INSTRUCTOR IN COMMERCE AND FINANCE

ANGELA FERSON

DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR WOMEN

B. S. Western Reserve University; Wooster Academy; The Sargent School of Physical Education, Boston.

MABEL DUNLAP

PROFESSOR OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

Oswego State Normal 1906; B. S. Teachers' College, Columbia University 1908; M. A. Teachers' College, Columbia University 1920.

FERN KAUFMAN

Z T A, Π M Θ

INSTRUCTOR IN CLOTHING

B. S. in Household Arts, The James Millikin University 1918.

OLIVE M. YOUNG

K K Γ

PROFESSOR IN HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Smith College 1900-02; A. B. University of Nebraska 1908; University of Chicago 1903-09; Columbia University, Teachers' College, Summer 1918-19.

LENA R. CORZINE

Δ Δ Δ

B. S. James Millikin University 1916; A. M. Columbia 1920.

ROBERT W. LAHR

PROFESSOR OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

University of Chicago; Art Institute of Chicago.

EMMA BATES ROBBINS

Λ X Ω

INSTRUCTOR IN FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

B. of Design, H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College of Tulane University; Art Institute of Chicago, Summer School 1916; Chicago Academy of Fine Arts 1918.

CHRISTINE SPENCER

K Λ Θ

INSTRUCTOR IN FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

B. S. University of Missouri 1916; Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, Summer of 1917.

HENRY ALFRED BOHL

INSTRUCTOR IN MANUAL TRAINING

Toledo Polytechnic Institute 1905-08; Evans Pattern Works, Portland, Oregon, 1911.

LORELL M. COLE

PROFESSOR OF MANUAL TRAINING

Stout Manual Training School for Teachers 1906; University of Virginia, Summer School for Teachers, Summers 1912, 1913; Head of Department of Farm Mechanics, Summers 1917-18, New York School of Agriculture, Summers 1917-18; Director in Industrial Training.

CARL I. HEAD

PROFESSOR OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

B. S. in Mechanical Engineering, James Millikin University 1911.

ERICH W. ZIMMERMAN

PROFESSOR OF COMMERCE

Ph. D. Bonn; Berlin, Munich, Birmingham (England).
Edinburgh (Scotland), New York University (New York).

KATHARINA B. HILTI

LABORATORY ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

EARLE ROBERTS

ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

CARLTON CUMMINS

ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

KATHRYN KLINE

ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

DAVID CAUSEY

LABORATORY ASSISTANT IN BIOLOGY

MAX VAN LEWEN SWARTHOUT

DIRECTOR MILLIKIN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
PROFESSOR OF VIOLIN PLAYING, PIANO PLAYING AND THEORETICAL BRANCHES

Gottschalk Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois; Balatka Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois; Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsic, Germany, 1902-05; Director of Oxford College of Music, Oxford, Ohio, 1905-11; Director College of Music, Illinois Women's College, Jacksonville, Illinois, 1911-14; Director Millikin Conservatory of Music 1914—.

DONALD MALCOLM SWARTHOUT

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
PROFESSOR OF PIANO PLAYING, PIPE ORGAN PLAYING, THEORETICAL AND HISTORICAL BRANCHES

Gottschalk Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois; Balatka Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois; Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsic, Germany, 1902-05; Private Study Isidor Phillip, Paris, France, 1905-06; Associate Director Oxford College of Music, Oxford, Ohio, 1906-10; Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsic, Germany, 1910-11 ("Pruefung" in Piano); Associate Director of College of Music, Illinois Women's College, Jacksonville, Illinois, 1911-14; Associate Director Millikin Conservatory of Music 1914—.

JESSIE WEILER

Σ Λ Ι

Secretary of Millikin Conservatory of Music 1920—.

HELEN JOSEPHINE DAMEROW

Assistant Secretary Millikin Conservatory of Music 1920—.

F. LLOYD HYDINGER

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PIANO PLAYING
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, PEDAGOGY, AND THE DALCROZE SYSTEM OF EURYTHMICS

Private Study with Rudolph Ganz, 1910-12; Howard Wells, 1916-17; Eurythmics with Jacques Dalcroze at Dalcroze Musical Institute in Helleran, near Dresden, Germany, 1912-13; Head of Piano Department, Albion, Michigan, 1913-16; Teacher in Columbia School of Music, Chicago, 1916-18; Professor of Piano Playing and Head of Teachers' Department, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1918—.

MINER WALDEN GALLUP

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PIANO PLAYING AND HARMONY

Virgil Piano School, New York, 1902; Private Study, Albany, N. Y., 1905-06, with Dr. Percy J. Starnes; Berlin 1906-09, with Alberto Jonas and Vernon Spencer; Professor of Piano Playing, Millikin Conservatory of Music, 1909—.

RUTH BROWN

Σ Λ Ι

INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO PLAYING

Quincy College of Music, Quincy, Illinois, 1910-13, 1914-16; Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Illinois. 1913-14; Scholarship Pupil in Piano in Millikin Conservatory of Music 1916-17; Diploma in Piano Playing 1919; Instructor in Child Culture Department, Millikin Conservatory of Music, 1917-20; Certificate in Singing 1921; Organist at Westminster Presbyterian Church 1916—; Instructor Millikin Conservatory 1918—.

SYLVIA FISK

Σ Λ Ι

INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO PLAYING

Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate in Piano Playing 1909; Teachers' Certificate 1911; Diploma in Piano Playing 1914; Graduate Study 1915-16, 1920; Private Study with Alexander Roab, Class Repertoire with Percy Grainger, Chicago Musical College, Summer 1919; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1911—.

IVA INGERSOLL WASSON

INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO PLAYING AND UPTON METHOD OF KEYBOARD HARMONY

A. B. James Millikin University 1912; Certificate in Piano Playing 1909; Certificate as Teacher 1911; Diploma Child Culture Teacher Training Course 1914; Certificate in Harmony 1916; Private Study E. M. Upton, Chicago, 1917; Graduate Study 1917-18, 1920; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1917—.

WILNA MOFFETT

Σ Δ Ι

INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO PLAYING

Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate in Piano Playing 1913; Certificate in Harmony 1914; Teachers' Certificate in Piano Playing 1917; Diploma in Piano Playing as Soloist and Teacher 1918; Graduate Diploma in Piano Playing 1919; Diploma in Pipe Organ Playing 1919; Graduate Diploma in Pipe Organ Playing 1919; Private Study with Percy Grainger, Chicago Musical College, Summer 1919; Organist St. John's Episcopal Church 1920—; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1918—.

RUTH LUCILLE MUIR

Σ Δ Ι

INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO PLAYING

Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate in Piano Playing 1915; Piano Teachers' Certificate 1915; Certificate in Harmony 1916; Diploma in Piano Playing 1918; Graduate Diploma in Piano Playing 1919; Private Study with Percy Grainger, Chicago Musical College, Summer 1919; Certificate in Singing 1921; Instructor Millikin Conservatory 1916—.

HELEN GENE CANTRALL

Ζ Τ Δ

INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO PLAYING AND SINGING

Sherwood Conservatory of Music, Chicago, 1917; Teacher's Certificate in Piano Playing Sherwood Conservatory 1917; Certificate as Soloist in Piano Playing 1919, Millikin Conservatory of Music; Certificate in Public School Music 1919; Certificate as Soloist in Singing 1920; Diploma as Soloist in Piano Playing 1920; Diploma in Singing 1921; Instructor Child Culture Department, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1920—; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1920—.

STELLA MAE CHITTUM

INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO PLAYING

Teacher in Piano Playing 1915; Certificate as Teacher in Piano Playing 1919; Certificate in Harmony 1919; Assistant in Piano Technic Classes for Children 1919-20; Diploma as Soloist in Piano Playing 1921; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1920—.

BERNICE BRENNEN

Σ Λ Ι

INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO PLAYING

Certificate in Piano Playing 1920; Teacher's Certificate 1921; Certificate in Harmony 1921; Diploma in Piano Playing 1921; Teacher's Diploma 1921; Instructor in Millikin Conservatory of Music 1920—.

FLORENCE BROWN

Σ Λ Ι

INSTRUCTOR IN VIOLIN PLAYING

Illinois College of Music, Jacksonville, Illinois, 1910; Private Study, Ludwig Becker, Chicago, Illinois, 1914-15; Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate in Violin Playing, 1917; Teacher 1912-16; Diploma in Violin Playing 1918; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1918—.

WILLIAM B. OLDS

PROFESSOR OF SINGING

A. B. Beloit College, 1898. Oberlin Conservatory 1895-98-99; American Conservatory 1899-1900; Private Study, Oscar Seagle, London, England, Summer 1914 and Schroon Lake, N. Y., Summers 1916, 1919; Teacher American Conservatory 1900; Grinnell School of Music 1900-04; Illinois Conservatory of Music 1904-06; Private Teacher, Jacksonville, Illinois, 1906-08; Professor of Singing, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1908—.

ROSE A. BORCH

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF SINGING

Roff Conservatory, Frankfurt, Germany, 1898-1902; Private Voice Study with Julius Stockhausen 1898-1902 and Jenny Hahn 1903, Frankfurt, Germany; Chicago Musical College 1916; Oscar Seagle, Schroon Lake, N. Y. 1917; Herbert Witherspoon, Chicago 1918; Associate Professor of Singing, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1913—.

FREDARIEKA GREEN

Σ Δ I

INSTRUCTOR IN SINGING AND PROFESSOR IN EAR TRAINING

Post Graduate Diploma in Singing 1920, Millikin Conservatory of Music; Certificate in Piano Playing 1912; Certificate in Public School Music 1912; Diploma in Singing as Soloist and Teacher 1916; Graduate Study 1917; Diploma in Piano Playing 1917; Private Study with Oscar Seagle, Schroon Lake, New York, Summer 1917; Director Girls' Glee Club 1917-20; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1915—.

ESTHER REQUARTH

Σ Δ I

DIRECTOR OF CHILD CULTURE DEPARTMENT

Art Study, Greenville, Ohio, 1907-11; Millikin Conservatory of Music 1913-14, 1916; Child Culture Teachers' Training Course, Graduate 1914; Advanced Study 1914, 1916, 1917; Director Child Culture Department, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1911—.

H. H. BARR

INSTRUCTOR IN PUBLIC SCHOOL METHODS

Indiana State Normal College 1918; Graduate in Music Supervisor's Course, Cornell University, 1920; Piano Study with Graduates of Royal Conservatory, Leipsic, Germany; Head of the Music Department, State Normal College, Weatherford, Oklahoma 1920; Music Supervisor of Decatur 1920—; Director Public School Music Department, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1920—.

Class Day
1920

SENIORS

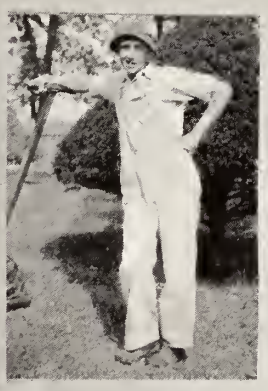
IN THE LIME LIGHT

Mildred Wiley

Pete McClelland

Helen Machan

Pictures too scarce



FLOYD E. BRENNER
Κ Δ Χ

A. B. Rankin, Illinois. Rankin High School. President of Student Council 1920-21; Editor of The Decaturian 1920-21; Decaturian Staff 1917-18; Millidek Staff 1919-20; Class Treasurer 1919-20; Endowment Committee 1919-20; Winner Brown Debate 1920; Glee Club 1917-18, 1919-20, 1920-21; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1917-18, Convention Delegate 1918; Gamma Epsilon Tau; Philomathean Literary Society 1916-17; Dramatic Art Club 1916-17.

DAVID CAUSEY

A. B. Greenville, Illinois. Greenville High School.
Assistant in Biology 1918-21; Camera Editor Millidek 1920; President Science Club 1920-21; President Gamma Epsilon Tau 1921.

MARCELLE CHARREYRON
Π Μ Θ

A. B. Montpellier, France.
Ecole Superieure de jeune filles 1914-19; Universite de Montpellier 1919-20; Brevet Superieur.

JOSEPH THOMAS COGDAL

A. B. History and Political Science. Atwood, Ill. Atwood High School.
Scrap 1916-17; Orlandian Literary Society 1916-17; U. S. Navy 1918-19, Qm. L.; Indoor Track 1917-21; Assistant Coach Track 1920-21; Captain Track 1921; Conference High Jump Record 1920; Inter-mural B. B. 1920; Treasurer Senior Class 1920-21; Chairman Ways and Means Committee 1920-21.

FRANCES CONKEY
Δ Δ Δ, Π Μ Θ, Γ Ε Τ

B. S. in Household Arts. Homer, Illinois. Homer High School.
Western College, Oxford, Ohio, 1917-18, 1918-19; James Millikin University 1919-20, 1920-21; Secretary and Treasurer Household Arts Club 1919-20; Vice President Y. W. C. A. 1920-21; President Pi Mu Theta 1920-21.

HELEN LEE COONROD
Δ Δ Δ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Taylorville, Illinois. Taylorville High School.
Knox College 1917-18; Literary Society 1917-18; Hiking Club 1917-18; Millikin University 1918-21; English Club 1921; Brownback Short Story Contest 1920.

IRENE ISABEL CORZINE
Ζ Τ Λ, Π Μ Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Assumption, Illinois. Assumption Township High School.
Household Arts Club 1918-19; Vice President Junior Class 1919-20; Student Council Representative 1920-21; Secretary of the Student Council 1920-21; Millidek Board 1919-20.

SARA DOBSON
Π Μ Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Milmine, Illinois. Bement High School.
Philomathean Literary Society 1915-16; Secretary Domestic Economy Club 1915-16, 1918-19; Campfire 1915-16, 1918-19; Student Council 1919-20; Household Arts Club 1919-20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1920-21, Finance Committee; Basket Ball 1920-21; Secretary-Treasurer Gamma Epsilon Tau 1921; Chairman Senior Luncheon Committee. Vice President Pi Mu Theta; Honor Student.

FRANCES ESTHER DUNN
Z T A, Π M Θ

A. B. with Library Science. Mt. Auburn, Illinois. University High School, Normal, Illinois.
Philomathean 1917-18; Y. W. C. A.; Cercle Francais 1918-19; Girls Basket Ball 1920-21; Chairman Pi Mu Theta Tea Committe; Women's Athletic Association.

ESTHER LOUISE FINLEY
Θ Γ, Π M Θ

A. B. with Library Science. Utica, Illinois. Ottawa High School.
Campfire 1917-18; Spanish Club 1917-18; Chairman of Student Volunteer Committee, Y. W. C. A. 1919-20; Student Council 1920-21; President Y. W. C. A. 1920-21; Chairman Faculty Relations Committee; Senior Class Day Committee; Aston Hall Executive Committee.

NORMA FLESHER
Δ Δ Δ, Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Taylorville, Illinois. Taylorville Township High School.
Dramatic Art Club 1917-18; Play; Vice President Home Economic Club 1919-20; Pageant 1920; Committee for Sophomore Breakfast; Committee for Freshman-Sophomore Reception; Home-Coming Entertainment 1919; Chairman Social Committee Pi Mu Theta; Member of Cut-Day Committee 1921.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE FRITZ
T K E

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. President Philomathean Literary Society 1917-18; Treasurer Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Basket Ball (second team) 1918-19; Brown Debate 1918-19, 1921; Student Council 1919-20; President Y. M. C. A. 1919-20; Decaturian Staff 1918-19, 1919-20; Inter-Collegiate Debate 1921; Chairman Senior Invitation Committee.

INA MIRIAM GOLTRA
Π Μ Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Philomathean Literary Society 1917-18; Glee Club 1917-19; Domestic Economy Club 1917; Treasurer 1918; Vice President 1919; Senior Class Day Committee 1921.

RALPH O. GOLTRA
Τ Κ Ε

B. S. in Commerce and Finance. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Philomathean Literary Society 1915-16; Commerce and Finance Club 1915-17; Glee Club 1916-17; U. S. Marines; Vice President Council 1920-21; Secretary Athletic Board of Control; "M" Club; Football 1915-16, 1919-20; Basket Ball 1915-16, 1919-20.

EDWINA MILDRED HALL
Δ Δ Δ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Mechanicsburg, Illinois. Springfield High School.
Domestic Science Club 1918; Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; English Club 1920-21; Cercle Francais 1920; Pi Mu Theta Monitor.

PHILLIS HAMMAN
Π Β Φ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. Chairman Freshman-Sophomore Contest 1917; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1918-21; Millidek Board 1920; Social Chairman Senior Class; Program Chairman English Club.

JEWELL ELIZABETH HARRIS

Π Β Φ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. in Library Science. Anna, Illinois. Union Academy, Anna, Illinois.
Dramatic Art Club 1917-18; President Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Millidek Editor 1919-20; President Aston Hall Student Government 1920-21; Chairman Memorial Committee 1920-21.

KATHARINA B. HILTI

Θ Γ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Saunemin, Illinois. Saunemin High School.
Y. W. C. A.; President Current Topic Club 1918; Girls' Camp Fire 1918-19; Secretary Junior Class; Girl's Athletic Editor Millidek; Astronomy Club 1919-20; Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Basket Ball 1918-20; Secretary Pi Mu Theta; Assistant Secretary Senior Class; Vice President Gamma Epsilon Tau; Senior Luncheon Committee; Vice President Aston Hall; Honor Student.

LENA BELLE HOLLAND

Π Μ Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Clarksville, Tennessee. Clarksville High School.
Member of Y. W. C. A. 1917-20; Household Arts Club 1917-20; Senior Luncheon Committee; Pi Mu Theta Social Committee.

EDWARD ROBERT KILBRIDE

Χ Φ

B. S. in Commerce and Finance. Springfield, Illinois. Springfield High School.
Winner in Double Stunts Illini Interscholastic Circus 1916; Staff Captain University of Illinois Brigade 1917; Agricultural Club; Founder University of Illinois National Defense League 1917; U. S. Navy; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1920; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; Home Coming Play; Interscholastic Manager 1921; Masonic Club; Inter-Mural Basket Ball.

HELEN LICHTENBERGER
Π Β Φ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. Dramatic Art Club 1918; Spanish Club 1918; Girls' Basket Ball 1918; Millidek Board 1920; Vice President English Club 1921; Invitation Committee 1921.

HELEN WHITMAN MACHAN
Λ Χ Ω, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. Philomathean Literary Society 1917; Cercle Francais 1917-18; Dramatic Art Club 1917-19; Millidek Board 1919-20; Class and Organization Editor; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Chairman Meetings Committee 1920-21; Senior Invation Committee 1920-21; Scholarship Banquet Guest 1918-21.

ADELINE MATTES
Ζ Τ Λ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. Cercle Francais 1918-20; Y. W. C. A. Secretary; English Club 1920-21; Chairman Social Service Committee; Senior Chapel Committee; Pan Hellenic 1920-21; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1919-21.

PRESTON H. McCLELLAND
Κ Δ Χ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. President Freshman Class; Treasurer Sophomore Class; Glee Club 1917-20; President 1918; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1918-20; Freshman Sophomore Scrap 1916-17; President Y. M. C. A. 1919; Student Council 1917, 1919; President 1919; Dramatic Art Club 1917-19, Treasurer 1918; Base Ball 1918; Basket Ball 1919; Athletic Board 1919-20, Secretary 1920; Millidek Board 1919; Home Coming Parade 1916; Endowment Parade 1919; Cheer Leader 1919-20; Lake Geneva Conference 1918; Freshman Sophomore Forensic Contest 1917; Foot Ball Manager 1920.

MARY MESSERLY McROBERTS
Π Β Φ, Π Μ Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Decatur, Illinois. Sedalia High School.
Dramatic Art Club 1917-18; Domestic Economy Club 1919; Gamma Epsilon Tau.

JOHN EVANS McWHERTER
Κ Δ Χ

B. S. in Manual Arts Education. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Football 1916-20; Captain Elect 1918; Captain 1920; Base Ball 1917-20; President of Senior Class 1920; Student Council Representative 1919-20; Student Council 1919-21; U. S. Navy 1918-19.

LLOYD M. NYE
Ι Φ, Κ Δ Ψ

A. B. Agency, Iowa. Agency High School. Iowa Wesleyan College. Oratorical Contest 1916; Instructor Commercial Department 1917; U. S. Army 1918-19; Assistant Chemistry Department 1919; President Y. M. C. A. 1920; Secretary to President 1920; J. M. U.; Jambalaya 1921; English Club 1921.

LEE DECATUR PIGOTT

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. McKendree Academy 1912-16.
McKendree College 1916-17; Missouri Wesleyan College 1917-18; English Club; Masonic Club; Dramatic Art Play 1919.

HARRIET ELIZABETH PRICE
Z T Δ, Π M Θ

A. B. Delavan, Illinois. Delavan High School.
Dramatic Art Club 1916-17; Grace—"Daughters of Men" 1918; Orlandean Literary Society 1916-17; Chairman Senior Play Committee; Vice President Senior Class 1920.

CHARLOTTE DORCAS PROCTOR
Δ Δ Δ, Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Kimberly, Idaho. Kimberly High School.
Domestic Science Club 1917-18; Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Home Coming Play 1919; Chairman of Junior Senior Party Committee 1920; Household Arts Club 1919-20; Class Secretary 1920-21; Pi Mu Theta Treasurer 1920-21.

BENJAMIN EARLE ROBERTS
T K E

A. B. Paw Paw, Illinois. Paw Paw High School.
Dramatic Art Club 1917-20; Treasurer 1918-20; Varsity Base Ball 1918; Chairman Home Coming Parade 1920; Band 1917-18; Intra-Mural Basket and Base Ball 1919-21; Assistant Manager Millidek of 1920; Business Manager Millikin Glee Club 1920; Member 1919-21; Science Club 1920; President of Senior Class 1921; President of Y. M. C. A. 1921; Student Council 1921; Inter Fraternity Council; Student Assistant in Chemistry 1921.

HUBERT O. ROBERTSON
K Δ X

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. Philomathean Literary Society 1917-18; Philo-Orlandian Debate 1918; Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1919; Decaturian Staff 1918-19, 1921; Freshman Sophomore Debate 1918; Class Treasurer 1918-19; Glee Club 1918-19; Treasurer 1919; Intercollegiate Debate 1919-21; Assistant in Math 1920-21; High Honor Student; Masonic Club 1921; President of Freshman Class Law School University of Illinois 1920; Second Rank in Freshman Law University of Illinois 1920; Senior Committees; Home Coming, Senior Class Play; Chairman Student Council Constitution Committee.

EDNA RYBOLT

Π Β Φ, Π Μ Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Decatur, Illinois. Kenney High School. James Millikin Academy. University of Wisconsin Summer Session 1920.
French Club 1918-19; Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Red Cross Committee 1917-18; Philomathean Literary Society 1917-18; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Chairman Social Service 1918-19, Secretary 1919-20, Chairman Religious Education 1920-21; Lake Geneva Conference 1918-19; Basket Ball 1918-19, 1920-21; Pi Mu Theta College Tea Committee 1920-21; Cap and Gown Committee 1920-21; Pan Hellenic Scholarship Banquet 1914-15, 1920-21; Honor Student.

WILLIAM HENRY SABLOTNA

B. S. in Manual Arts. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Batallion 1917; Masonic Club 1921.

EVELYN CLAIRE SCOTT

Δ Δ Δ, Π Μ Θ, Γ Ε Τ

B. S. in Household Arts. Chrisman, Illinois. Chrisman Township High School.
Western College, Oxford, Ohio, 1917-18.
James Millikin University 1918-21.
Household Arts Club 1919-20.

ADELE SHELAH

Δ Δ Δ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Springfield, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Orlandian Contest 1918; Freshman Sophomore Reading Contest 1919; Literary Editor Millidek 1919-20; Cercle Francais 1920; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1920-21; Dramatic Art Club Play 1920.

JESSE IRWIN SMITH
T K E

A. B. Hillsboro, Illinois. Hillsboro High School.
Member of Glee Club 1918-21; Astronomy Club 1919-20; Science Club 1920; Charter Member Gamma Epsilon Tau, Science Fraternity 1921; Senior Social Committee.

EBER M. SPENCE
T K E

B. S. in Commerce and Finance. LeRoy, Illinois. LeRoy High School.
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1919-21; Dramatic Art Club Play 1919; Intercollegiate Debate 1919-20; Vice President Senior Class; Chairman Senior Chapel Committee; Business Manager Decaturian 1920-21.

GERMAINE TALLANDIER
Π M Θ

A. B. Nimes, France. Ecole Superieure de Nimes 1910-16; Lycee de jeunes filles de Nimes 1916-17; Brevet Superieur; Institutrice; Ecoles publiques de Nimes 1917-20.

MARIAN AINSWORTH WAIT
Π B Φ, Π M Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. Freshman Class Officer; Dramatic Art Club 1917-18; President 1919; Millidek 1919-20; Home Coming Committee 1919; Decaturian 1920; English Club 1920-21; Senior Class Play Committee 1921.

HARRIET MILDRED WILEY
Α Χ Ω, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Edgerton, Ohio. Butler High School. High Honor Student 1917-21; Winner of Essay in Freshman-Sophomore Contest 1917-18; Winning Debate Team in Freshman-Sophomore Contest 1918-19; Chairman Program Committee Dramatic Club 1918-19; Assistant Manager Girls' Athletics 1918-19; Girls' Athletic Manager 1919-20; Pan-Hellenic President 1919-20; Brownback Short Story Prize 1920; Honorable Mention in *Poets of the Future* 1918-20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1920-21; Decaturian Staff 1920-21.

ROE ELLIOT WILSON
Τ Κ Ε

A. B. Greenville, Illinois. Greenville High School.
Vice President Sophomore Class 1917-18; Masonic Club; Instructor of Science in the Academy 1919-20; Gamma Epsilon Tau 1921.

CARLTON C. CUMMINS
Γ Ε Τ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. Men's Glee Club 1918-21; President Glee Club 1920-21; Dramatic Art Club 1918, 1921; Millidek Board 1919-20; Decaturian Staff 1920-21; Home Coming Play 1919-20.
(Classified in error with Juniors).

Other candidates for degrees—Master of Arts

WEST, WILLIAM ALLEN, A. B. The James Millikin University 1909; History. McLeansboro, Ill.

Not candidates for Degrees

BRAGG, LUCILLE MARGARET, A. M. The James Millikin University, 1910; French. Decatur, Illinois.

COLLIER, BERTHA ELSIE, A. M. Leland Stanford University, 1920; Household Arts. Decatur, Illinois.

ROBBINS, EMMA BATES, B. of Des. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College 1915; Greek Literature. Congress Park, Illinois.

BERNICE BRENNEN
Σ Λ I

Decatur.

Diploma as Soloist and Teacher in Piano Playing; Pupil of Max van Lewen Swarthout; Certificate as Soloist in Piano Playing 1920; Certificate in Harmony 1920; Girls' Glee Club 1918-19.

STELLA MAE CHITTUM

Sorento.

Diploma as Soloist in Piano Playing; Pupil of Miner Walden Gallup; Certificate in Piano Playing 1915; Certificate as Teacher of Piano Playing and Certificate in Harmony 1919; Girls' Glee Club 1919-20; Assistant in Piano Technic Classes for Children 1919-20.

EVELYN WAIT
Σ Λ I

Greenville.

Diploma in Piano Playing. Greenville High School 1916; Certificate in Piano Playing 1919; Certificate in Public School Music 1920; Certificate in Harmony 1920; Girls' Glee Club 1917-20; President 1919-20; Millidek Board 1919-20; Certificate in Singing 1921.

Founder's Day Pageant

1920

~JUNIORS

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO

President	Donald Ping
Vice President	Orval Diehl
Secretary	Maurita Shafer
Treasurer	Robert Barracks
Student Council Representatives	Wayne Gill Kathryn Kline

Class Colors—Silver and Old Rose

COMMITTEES

Junior Tea

Hazel Perry
Miriam Lee
Gladys Phillis

Class Party Committee

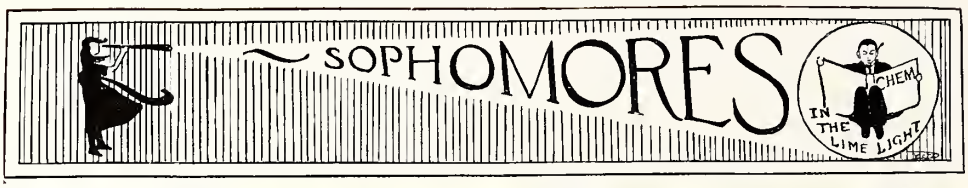
Orval Diehl
Helen Gorham, Chairman Refreshment Committee
Ruth Tucker, Chairman Decoration Committee

Decorating Committee

Ruth Tucker
Camille Barnett
Robert Barracks

JUNIOR CLASS

Abrams, Cecil F.
Babb, Florence Helena
Baily, Paul
Barnett, Camille Winifred
Barracks, Robert A.
Baumgarten, Milton Winter
Birks, Jenna Ruth
Birks, John Gouge
Bolds, Elden Eckley
Brooks, Frances
Brown, Lucile
Buckles, Orville Dee
Conover, Mary Frances
Crocker, Joan Philbrook
Culver, Florence
Cummins, Carlton Carlyle
Davis, Charlotte Virginia
Delahunty, Mary
Diehl, Orval W.
Downey, Lyle Wayne
Duncan, Donald Kenneth
Engleman, Lois Eleanor
Evans, Beulah Campbell
Gill, Russell Wayne
Gorham, Helen Louise
Greider, Lucile Kathryn
Haas, Chester Ralph
Hamilton, Lawrence Arthur
Harper, Gladys
Houghton, Mariam Elvira
Kessinger, Oren Charles
Kline, Kathryn Alice
Knudson, Percy Martin
Lee, Miriam
Lynd, Joe Merle
McIntyre, James B.
Manning, Hubert Lawrence
Mayes, Harris Irving
Niebergall, Edna Jane
Perry, Hazel Bernice
Pfeffer, Edward Whitaker
Phillis, Gladys La Von
Pierce, Clarence B.
Ping, Donald Wilson
Proctor, George McKinley
Randall, Leta Faye
Reaich, Esther
Remmington, Eugene
Sampson, Harold Rexford
Sanders, Robert Dewey
Shafer, Maurita Claire
Stone, Alice Mae
Sutherland, Pearle
Swanson, Franklin Leroy
Tucker, Ruth Emma
Vent, Louise
Ward, Russel S.
Williams, Helen Elizabeth


SOPHOMORES
CHEM
IN THE LIME LIGHT

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

President	Ruth Shuman
Vice-President	Irwin Hurtt
Secretary	Helen Jones
Treasurer	Lester Schroll
Student Council Representatives	Lester Schroll Dorothy Davis

Class Colors—Purple and White

COMMITTEES

Finance Committee

Irwin Hurtt
Helen Hayes
Helen Jones
John Hays
John Rogers

Dance

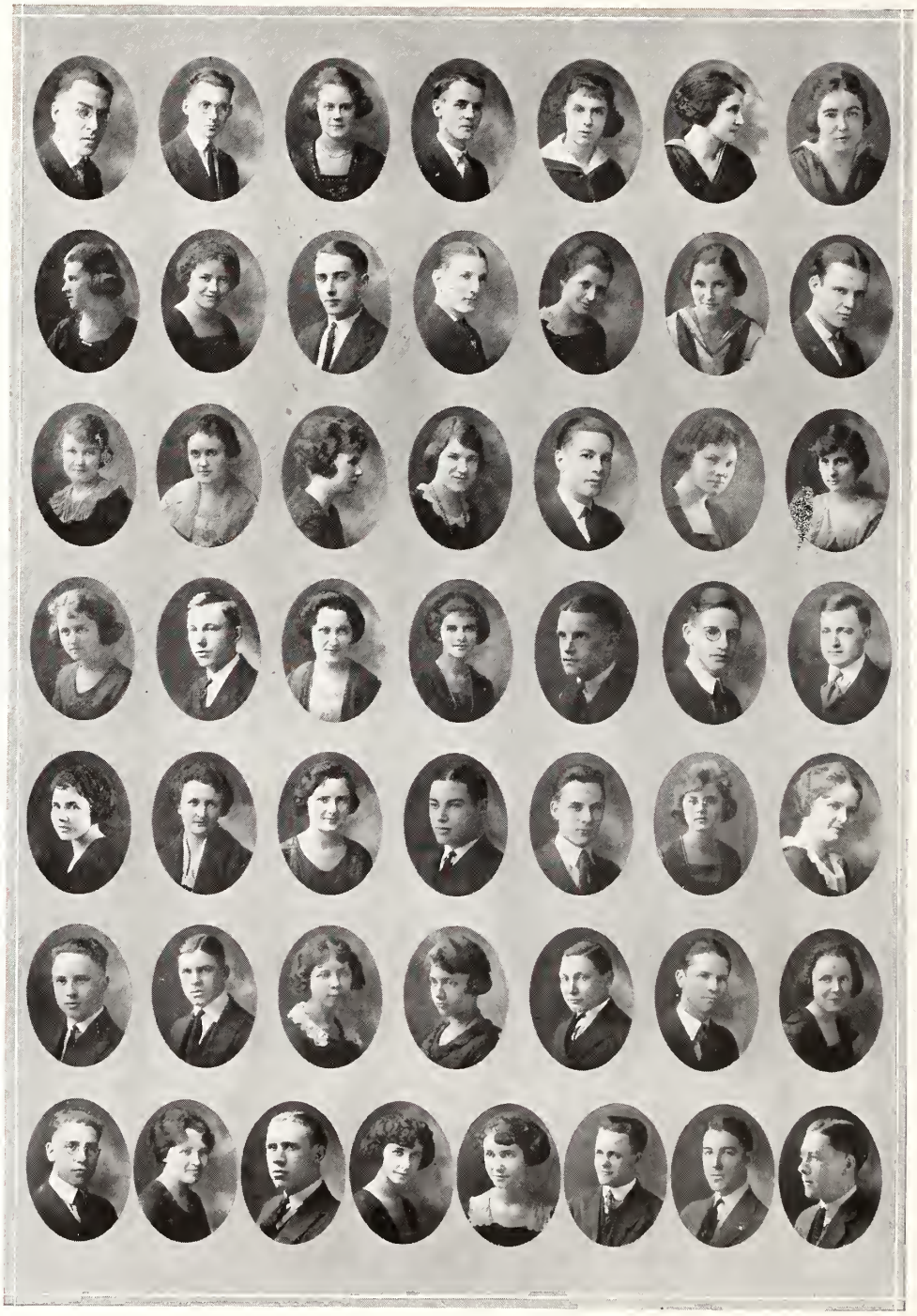
Dorothy Davis,
Chairman Program

Refreshment Committee

Helen Coffey
Irma Gerdes

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Adams, Dwayne
Allen, Robert
Anderson, Dwight
Bailey, Claude
Bailey, Dorothy
Barth, Anna Maurine
Baumgarten, Ruth
Biggs, Esther
Birkett, Anna Mae
Bjustrom, Mildred
Bonifield, Alice
Brown, Norma
Caldwell, Robert
Cassel, Ward
Champion, Mary
Chapin, Mary Ada
Chasey, Frank
Christison, Edna
Claxon, Lucile
Cline, Paul
Coffey, Helen
Colbrook, Velma
Conklin, Delmar
Craw, Helen
Cummins, Consuelo
Davis, Dorothy
Dawson, Roger
Deakins, Clarence
Deetz, Charles
Deetz, Thelma
Delassus, Wilma
Engleman, Buryl
Fawcett, Orville
Felix, Jane
Fulton, Blanche
Gerdes, Irma
Gordon, Ethel
Griswold, Carroll
Guest, Bunn
Harper, Helen
Harper, Marguerite
Harper, Mary
Hayes, Helen
Hays, John
Henry, Harold
Hokamp, Delia Ann
Humphrey, Janet
Hunt, Harlan
Hurtt, Irwin
Hutchison, Helen
Jeffries, Wilma
Johnson, Harold
Jones, Helen
Kaiser, Harry
Kilbride, Henrietta
Kilbride, Florence
Kile, Wilma
Kilgore, James
Lamb, Riley
Lindsay, Edward



Linville, Mildred
McCreey, Carrie
McDonald, Helen
McIntyre, Margaret
McRill, Maurice
Middleton, Margaret
Mitchell, Walter
Moffett, Lloyd
Moore, Edith
Mount, Richard
Newell, Francis
Norwine, Fayette
O'Hara, George
Parkinson, Helen
Payson, Gilbert
Pfeffer, Herman
Pratt, Roger
Randall, Freda
Reeves, Russell
Regan, Helen
Reid, Robert
Rodger, John
Ross, Richard
Sanborn, Maxine
Sanders, Gladys
Schroll, Leitha
Schroll, Lester
Schumacker, Mary
Scott, Modesta
Shaw, Leslie
Shaw, Marshall
Shelton, Janice
Shuman, Ruth
Smith, Elsie
Smith, O. S.
Sollers, Eugene
Sparks, Mary Louise
Sternberg, Edwin
Stone, Mildred
Stone, Ruth
Taylor, John
Thompson, Vida
Torman, Berneice
Trost, Lois
Vent, Vivienne
Wait, Robert
Ward, Clifton
Warfield, Florence
Warren, Irene
Watkins, Geraldine
Weigand, Howard
Whalen, Verneal
Whitford, Laura
Wilson, Lorraine
Wilson,Ona
Yeh, C. H.

FRESHMEN
IN THE LIME LIGHT

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-FOUR

President	Vernon Hale
Vice President	Marjorie Scott
Secretary	Mary Louise Drake
Treasurer	Dale Yoder
Student Council Representative	Lillian Paisley

Class Colors—Green and White

COMMITTEES

Scrap Committee
Alfred Nelson
Thelma Brown
Hugh Hiser
Mary Louise Drake

Social Committee
Marjorie Scott
Stanley Smith
Eugene Wallace
Marjorie Hampton

Homecoming Float Committee
Eugene Wallace
Erna Pritchett
Welby Abrams

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Contest
David Jones
Helen Jacobs
Helen Lobenstein

FRESHMAN CLASS

Abbott, Richard
Abell, Wilbur
Abrams, Welby
Adams, Sidney
Alexander, Temple
Armstrong, Robert
Ash, Mabel
Atterbury, Harner
Bachmann, Fred
Baird, Keith
Baker, Ida
Baker, W. A.
Baldridge, Elsie
Barnes, Warren
Barrows, Resler
Barth, Harold
Bartley, Ray
Bassler, Pauline
Beach, Gertrude
Bean, William
Beckwith, Rubie
Berry, Claude
Biance, John
Birks, Jesse
Bonifield, Miriam
Bopp, Clarence
Bretscher, C. J.
Bromley, Iva
Brown, Helen
Brown, Lefay
Brown, Thelma
Bruso, Bradford
Busbey, Christine
Campbell, Donald
Campbell, Vandeth
Carter, Ruth
Case, Katharine
Clark, Harry
Clark, Helen
Coffey, Faye
Collins, Joe
Combs, Ralph
Colin, Henry
Connard, Theodora
Cooper, Willis
Corzine, Edna
Cowgill, Harold
Crowder, Helen
Curl, Floyd
Danforth, Herschel

Davenport, D. E.
Davidson, June
Davis, Idelia
Deetz, Bernice
Denny, Lucille
Dewein, Margaret
Dieterich, DeWitt
Ditto, Rebecca
Dixon, Collin
Donovan, John
Drake, Mary Louise
Drennan, Katie
Duncan, Helen
Dunstan, Sarah Jane
Edwards, Thomas
Elliott, Thelma
Erskine, Frances
Eyman, Nepha
Fathauer, Ora
Fouche, Kenyon
Foulke, Adelaide
Galloway, Truman
Gilbert, Belma
Goodwine, Alice
Grimsley, Ella
Griswold, Edwin
Haggard, Lois
Harwood, Winfield
Hale,Vernon
Hale, Herman
Hall, Henry
Hamman, Ruth
Hampton, Marjorie
Handlin, Mary S.
Harris, Don
Harris, William
Harrold, Gladys
Hartmann, Ernest
Hartman, Tom
Henry, Katherine
Henry, Lucile
Hinkle, Mabel
Hizer, Hugh
Holbrook, R.
Holemann, Earl
Hooper, Faye
Holt, Harold
Hughes, Franc
Hynes, Stanley
Irwin, Eunice
Jackson, Leona
Jacobs, Helen
Jamison, Louise
Jamison, Edward
Johnstone, Paul
Jones, David
Keller, Maud
Kennedy, Ruth
Kercher, George
Kiick, Bernice
Kincaid, Margaret
Kinkaide, Hugh
Kirby, Ruth
Klitzing, Robert
Kubitz, Oskar
Landon, Elizabeth
Lane, Thelma
Langham, Irene
Larson, Gladys
Larson, Nigel
Laswell, Lucien
Leonard, Albion
Leslie, Opal
Lindley, Donald
Lingle, Mildred
Lipe, Cordon
Lobenstein, Helen
Lowry, Marjorie
Lynch, Shirley
McHose, Mary
Maness, Harvey
Meiners, Ray
Miller, Twila
Mitchell, Georgia
Murphy, Lois
Myers, May
Nelson, Alfred
Noleman, Irene
Norris, Gerald
Norton, Harold
Nottingham, Mabel
Nowlin, Irwin
Omer, Aileen
Orr, Margaret
Paisley, Lillian
Patten, Robert
Porter, Harold
Pritchett, Erna
Rady, Sam
Ransom, Harriet
Ray, Mary
Reid, Brice
Reinhardt, Virginia
Richardson, Helen
Riggs, Ruth
Roby, F. C.
Rogers, Ralph
Rogers, Verice
Rosebaugh, Earl
Sawyer, Russell
Schaub, Georgiana
Schultz. Kelso
Scott, Frank
Scott, Thelma
Scott, Grace
Scott, Marjorie
Scott, Walter
Seyfer, Fred
Shepherd, Irene
Simpson, W. C.

Sowers, Herschel
Squires, Iona
Simer, Stafford
Stanton, Joe
States, Helen
Steele, Clarence
Stokes, Mildred
Stouffer, Mary
Telling, Gerald
Thornton, L. F.
Tilton, Edith
Van Deventer, Harold
Walker, Frank
Wallace, Eugene
Wallace, Rosemary
Walters, Richard
Weaver, Merle
Weilepp, Paul
Whitfield, Zachie
Whitsitt, Ruth
Wilson, Brooks
Wise, Eunice
Yoder, Dale

MEN'S GLEE CLUB

President	Carlton Cummins
Vice President	Cecil Abrams
Business Manager	Clarence Deakins
Secretary	Welby Abrams
Treasurer	Harold Sampson
Librarian	Edwin Griswold
Pianist—1st Semester,	Earle James Judy
Pianist—2nd Semester,	John Tinnon Taylor
Director	Professor W. B. Olds

First Tenors

Carl Mathieu
Harold Sampson
Jack Rubottom
Arthur Lobenstein

Second Tenors

Cecil Abrams
Z. B. Whitfield
Bunn Guest
Lloyd Moffet
Edwin Griswold

Baritones

Preston McClelland
Hubert Manning
Welby Abrams
Emil Cooper
Paul Johnstone
Vernon Hale

Basses

Floyd Brenner
Earle Roberts
John Birks
Carlton Cummins
Lyle Downey
William Bean
Ralph Coombs
J. Irwin Smith
Clarence Deakins

THE ENGLISH CLUB

President	George Proctor
Vice President	Helen Lichtenberger
Secretary	Robert Barracks
Treasurer	Mary Delahunty
Organization Chairman	Phillis Hamman
Social Chairman	Anna Katherine Smith
Reporter	Jane Felix

The English Club was organized on December 12, 1920. It came as the culmination of a desire on the part of the English Department, and many of the students majoring in English for an organiaztion for the furthering of interest in literature. The bringing to Decatur of Tony Sarg's Marionettes was perhaps the greatest achievement of the club this year.

Y. W. C. A. CABINET

President	Esther Finley
Vice President	Frances Conkey
Secretary	Mariam Houghton
Treasurer	Florence Culver

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Religious Education
Edna Rybolt

Freshman Commission
Mildred Wiley

Finance
Sara Dobson

Religious Meetings
Helen Machan

Social
Phillis Hamman

Publicity
Maxine Sanborn

Social Service
Adeline Mattes

Student Volunteer
Jenna Birks

Music
Margaret McIntyre

Undergraduate Representative—Adele Shelah
Adviser—Miss Olive M. Young

Y. M. C. A. CABINET

President	Earle Roberts
Vice President	Robert Barracks
Secretary	John Birks
Treasurer	Edward R. Kilbride

Meetings Chairman
George Proctor

House Chairman
Truman Galloway

Finance Chairman
Eber Spence

Membership Chairman
J. Irwin Smith

Publicity Chairman
Orville Buckles

Church Relations Chairman
Walter G. Mitchell

Community Service Chairman
Donald Ping

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

President	Floyd E. Brenner
Vice President	Ralph Goltra
Secretary	Irene Corzine
Treasurer	R. Wayne Gill

STANDING COMMITTEES

Relations

Esther Finley, Chairman
John McWherter, First Semester
Earle Roberts, Second Semester
Kathryn Kline

Literary Contests

Irene Corzine, Chairman
Clark Logan, First Semester
Earle Roberts, First and Second Semesters
Lillian Paisley

Music and Demonstration

Dorothy Davis
Carroll Griswold, First Semester
Lester Schroll, Second Semester
Vernon Hale

Interclass Athletics

Ralph Goltra, Chairman
Dorothy Davis
Donald Ping

Social

Kathryn Kline, Chairman
Irene Corzine
Earle Roberts
John McWherter, First Semester
Lillian Paisley, Second Semester
Dorothy Davis

Improvement and Finance

R. Wayne Gill, Chairman
Esther Finley
Harold Sampson, First Semester
Ruth Shuman, Second Semester

John McWherter, Senior class president First Semester
Harriet Price, Second Semester
Earle Roberts, Second Semester
Ralph Goltra, Senior class representative
Irene Corzine, Senior class representative
Donald Ping, Junior class president
R. Wayne Gill, Junior class representative
Kathryn Kline, Junior class representative
Carroll Griswold, Sophomore class president, First Semester
Ruth Shuman, Second Semester
Harold Sampson, Sophomore class representative, First Semester
Lester Schroll, Second Semester
Dorothy Davis, Sophomore class representative
Vernon Hale, Freshman class president
Lillian Paisley, Freshman class representative
Clark Logan, Y. M. C. A. president. First Semester
Earle Roberts, Second Semester
Esther Finley, Y. W. C. A. president
Floyd Brenner, Decaturian Editor

DECATURIAN STAFF

Editor	Floyd Brenner
Assistant Editor	Lois Engleman
Business Manager	Eber Spence
Assistant Business Manager	Orval Diehl

THE STAFF

Helen Parkinson
Buryl Engleman
Robert Barracks
Consuelo Cummins
Harold Sampson
Maurita Shafer
Carlton Cummins
Edwin Griswold
Marian Wait
Helen Gorham
George Procter
Edward Lindsay
Helen Hayes
John Tinnon Taylor
Hubert Robertson
Camille Barnett
Mildred Wiley
Carroll Griswold

MILLIDEK BOARD

Editor	Lois Engleman
Business Manager	John Birks
Assistant Business Manager	Donald Ping
Associate Editor	Louise Vent

Class and Organizations
Helen Williams

Literary
Helen Gorham

Social
Maurita Shafer

Conservatory
Florence Culver

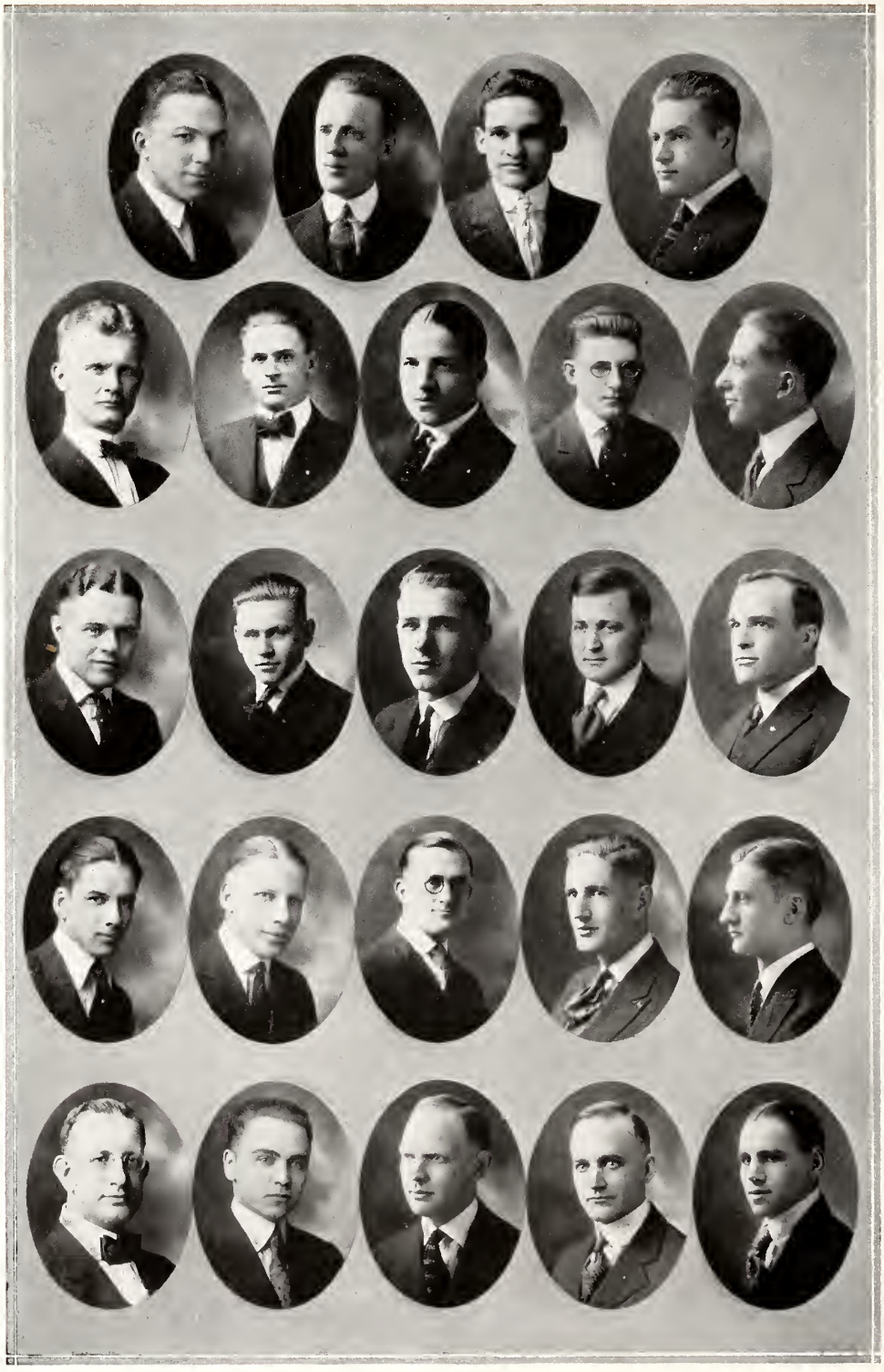
Athletics
Lucile Brown
Orval Diehl

Calendar
Hazel Perry
Robert Barracks

Camera
Mariam Houghton
Lyle Downey

Joke
Camille Barnett
Harold Sampson

Art
Florence Babb



MASONIC CLUB

Organized March 17, 1921

OFFICERS

President	Harold W. Porter
Vice President	Oren Kessinger
Secretary and Treasurer	Richard Mount
Sargent at Arms	Orville Fawcett

MEMBERS

Faculty

Luther B. Henderson
S. D. Chambers
H. A. Bohl
B. W. Thompson

Seniors

C. E. Sutherd
Hubert Robertson
Preston McClelland
Lee Piggott
Edward Kilbride
William Sablotna
Lawrence Fritz
John McWherter

Juniors

Clarence Pierce
Oren Kessinger
Kenneth Duncan
James McIntyre
George Proctor
Russel Ward

Sophomores

Marshall Shaw
Orville Fawcett
Stanley Smith
Richard Mount
Paul Weilepp
Harold Porter
Dan Elwood
Roger Pratt

Freshman

Stafford Simer

GAMMA EPSILON TAU

Honorary Scientific Fraternity

Founded at James Millikin University 1921

OFFICERS

President	David Causey
Vice President	Katherina Hilti
Secretary-Treasurer	Sara Dobson

MEMBERS

Floyd Brenner
Lucile Brown
David Causey
Frances Conkey
Carlton Cummins
Charlotte Davis
Sara Dobson
Wayne Gill
Katherina Hilti
Lena Belle Holland
Mariam Houghton
Kathryn Kline
Preston McClelland
B. Earle Roberts
J. Irwin Smith
Evelyn Scott
R. E. Wilson

Gamma Epsilon Tau is an honorary scientific fraternity to advance the character of the scientific work at Millikin, and to provide an organized means for furthering the interests of students majoring in science.

THE M CLUB

President	Russel Ward
Vice President	Paul Bailey
Secretary	Donald Ping
Treasurer	Joe Cogdal

The M Club is an organization which is composed of the students who have won an M on any of the athletic teams. Its purposes are to promote a higher scholastic standing among its members, to promote a higher respect for the M, rather than for the sweater; to endeavor to keep more athletes in college, and to uphold the standards of James Millikin University.

DRAMATIC ART CLUB

President	Lucile Brown
Vice President	Helen Gorham
Secretary	Wayne Gill
Treasurer	Robert Wait

At a meeting held April 15, the Millikin Dramatic Art Club was completely reorganized and plans were made for the remainder of the school year. The organization holds its meetings on the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month. A program committee has planned a series of interesting evenings for the club. Owing to the late date of organization, the club has planned to stage but one play—that one to be put on during commencement week. The zest and enthusiasm of its thirty-five charter members promise to make the Dramatic Art Club one of the most striking organizations on the campus.

PAN HELLENIC

President	Lois Engleman
Vice President	Lucile Brown
Secretary	Adeline Mattes
Treasurer	Lucile Greider

REPRESENTATIVES

Alpha Chi Omega
Dorothy Davis
Lucile Greider

Zeta Tau Alpha
Harriet Price
Adeline Mattes

Delta Delta Delta
Lucile Brown
Norma Flesher

Pi Beta Phi
Lois Engleman
Phillis Hamman

PI MU THETA

Founded November 13, 1912

Faculty Adviser Professor J. W. Risley

President	Frances Conkey
Vice President	Sara Dobson
Secretary	Katharina Hilti
Treasurer	Charlotte Procter

Helen Coonrod
Frances Conkey
Irene Corzine
Sara Dobson
Frances Dunn
Esther Finley
Norma Flesher
Ina Goltra
Edwina Hall
Phillis Hamman
Jewell Harris
Katharina Hilti
Germaine Tallandier

Marcelle Charreyron
Lena Belle Holland
Helen Lichtenberger
Helen Machan
Mary McRoberts
Adeline Mattes
Harriet Price
Charlotte Procter
Evelyn Scott
Adele Shelah
Marian Wait
Mildred Wiley
Dr. Grace Patton Conant

ZETA TAU ALPHA

Tau Chapter Established 1912

Colors—Turquoise Blue and Steel Gray
Flower—White Violet
Faculty Adviser—Coach N. G. Wann

Sisters in the Faculty

Fern Kaufman
Helen Gene Cantrall

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Moore
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cruikshank
Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Irving
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ahrens
Mrs. E. A. Gastman

Seniors

Irene Corzine
Harriet Price
Frances Dunn
Adeline Mattes

Juniors

Mary Frances Conover
Helen Williams
Louise Vent
Hazel Perry
Florence Culver

Sophomores

Mary Champion
Leitha Schroll
Helen Coffey

Freshmen

Faye Coffey
Ella Grimsley
Iva Bromley
Mary Stouffer
Gladys Harrold
Marjorie Hampton
Theodora Connard

DELTA DELTA DELTA

Delta Epsilon Established May 25, 1912

Colors—Silver, Gold and Blue
Flower—Pansy
Faculty Adviser—Professor J. W. Risley

Patrons and Patronesses

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Moore
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Holt
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Evans
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Miller
Mr. and Mrs. Paisley
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McClelland
Mrs. Harriet Amsden
Dr. Grace Patton Conant

Sisters in the Faculty

Lena Corzine
Bonnie Blackburn
Davida McCaslin

Seniors

Helen Coonrod
Frances Conkey
Norma Flesher
Edwina Hall
Charlotte Procter
Evelyn Scott
Adele Shelah

Juniors

Lucile Brown
Miriam Lee
Helen Gorham

Sophomores

Mary Dickey
Nellie Lamblin
Ruth Shuman
Wilma Kile

Freshmen

Katherine Case
Edna Corzine
Franc Hughes
Lillian Paisley
Ruth Carter
Thelma Elliott
Mildred Lingle
Edith Tilton

Pledges

Pearle Sutherland
Thelma Brown
Virginia Reinhardt
Irma Gerdes
Erna Pritchett
Eleanor Sward
Rosemary Wallace

PI BETA PHI

Illinois Eta Established March 29, 1912

Colors—Wine and Silver Blue
Flower—Wine Carnation
Faculty Adviser—Miss Olive M. Young

Honorary Patronesses

Mrs. A. R. Taylor
Dr. Grace Patton Conant
Mrs. A. T. Mills
Mrs. W. W. Smith

Patronesses

Mrs. W. L. Shellabarger
Mrs. Robert Mueller
Mrs. C. A. Gille
Mrs. F. M. Anderson
Mrs. Charles Powers
Mrs. Elizabeth Wells
Miss Maria Buckingham
Miss Nita Clark

Sisters in Faculty

Jessie Lockett
Lelah Belle Davis
Caroline Lutz

Seniors

Phillis Hamman
Edna Rybolt
Marian Wait
Mary McRoberts
Jewell Harris
Helen Lichtenberger

Juniors

Lois Engleman
Maurita Shafer
Esther Reaich
Mariam Houghton
Kathryn Kline

Sophomores

Vivienne Vent
Helen McDonald
Vida Thompson
Helen Hayes
Helen Jones
Blanche Fulton

Freshmen

Elizabeth Landon
Aileen Omer
Margaret Dewein
Georgianna Schaub
Thelma Scott

Pledges

Mabel Nottingham
Ruth Hamman
Helen Crowder

ALPHA CHI OMEGA

Founded at DePauw University 1885

Upsilon Chapter Installed May 9, 1913

Colors—Scarlet and Olive Green
Flower—Red Carnation
Faculty Adviser—Professor Clyde Hart

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mueller
Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Irving
Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Evans
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Van Orman
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cruikshank
Miss Ada Lindsay

Sister in Faculty

Emma Bates Robbins

Seniors

Helen Machan
Mildred Wiley

Juniors

Camille Barnett
Charlotte Davis
Lucile Greider

Sophomores

Mary Ada Chapin
Thelma Deetz
Florence Kilbride
Helen Parkinson
Maxine Sanborn
Mary Louise Sparks
Lois Trost
Dorothy Davis
Janet Humphrey
Henriette Kilbride
Helen Regan
Margaret McIntyre

Freshmen

Bernice Deetz
Frances Erskine
Lucile Henry
Marjory Lowry
Marjory Scott
Harriet Ransom

Pledges

Helen Brown
Katherine Henry
Helen States
Martha Holbrook
Ruth Riggs
Helen Richardson

THETA GAMMA

Founded March 23, 1921

Colors—Gold, White and Orchid
Flower—Lily-of-the-Valley
Faculty Adviser—Professor Albert T. Mills

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Montgomery
Mr. and Mrs. Will C. Wood
Rev. and Mrs. Chesteen Smith

Seniors

Esther Finley
Katherina Hilti

Sophomores

Consuelo Cummins
Gladys Sanders
Helen Hutchison
Wilma Delassus
Jane Felix
Bernice Torman
Ruth Stone
Modesta Scott

Freshmen

Ruby Beckwith
Christine Busby
June Davidson
Helen Jacobs
Rebecca Ditto

SIGMA ALPHA IOTA

Founded June 12, 1903

Nu Chapter Established May 15, 1917

Colors—Crimson and White
Flower—Red Rose
Faculty Adviser—Donald M. Swarthout

Patronesses

Mrs. M. vL. Swarthout
Mrs. Donald Swarthout
Mrs. W. B. Olds
Mrs. Edward Powers
Mrs. Rose A. Borch

Associate Members

Mrs. Florence Royce
Mrs. Edith Ridgley

Chapter Honorary Members

Esther Requarth
Gladys Swarthout Kern

Actives

Bernice Brennen
Ruth Brodman
Florence Brown
Ruth Brown
Fredarieka Green
Esther Long
Ebba Lundberg
Ruth Muir
Merle McIntyre
Wilna Moffett
Elizabeth Moffett
Virginia Rexroat
Evelyn Wait
Jessie Weiler
Helen Waddington
Sylvia Fisk
Elzora Fischer
Ruth Coe
Margaret Grimsley

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Founded at the University of Alabama March 9, 1856

Colors—Purple and Gold
Flower—Violet
Faculty Adviser—Professor L. M. Cole

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Powers
Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mueller
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Van Deventer
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Haines
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Osgood

Juniors

Cecil Abrams
Robert Barracks
Russel Ward
Edward Pfeffer
Franklin Swanson
Leonard Shurtz
Herbert Crowder
Clifton Ward
James McIntyre

Sophomores

Ward Cassel
Frank Chasey
Herman Pfeffer
Howard O'Hara
Zackie B. Whitfield
Clarence Deakins

Freshmen

Welby Abrams
Brice Ried
Robert Reid
David Jones
Frank Hoskins
Donald Lindley
Donald Campbell
Eugene Wallace
Walter Scott
Claude Berry
Kenyon Fouche
Fred Bachmann
Kyle Tolly
Dale Yoder
Robert Patton
Hugh Hiser

KAPPA DELTA CHI

Founded April 23, 1904

Colors—Orange and Blue
Flower—Pink Carnation
Faculty Adviser—Professor Sherman D. Chambers

Alumni Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. McDavid
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McGaughey
Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Million
Mr. and Mrs. Nellis Parkinson
Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Colby

Seniors

Floyd Brenner
Eugene Sutherd
Hubert Robertson
Preston McClelland
John McWherter

Juniors

Chester Haas
Hubert Manning
Lawrence Hamilton
Wayne Gill
Harris Mayes
Donald Ping

Sophomores

Buryl Engleman
Dwayne Adams
Stanley Smith
Edward Lindsay
Eugene Sollars
Riley Lamb
Harlan Hunt
Harold Henry
Carrol Griswold
Charles Deetz
Harry Kaiser
Delmar Conklin
Howard Weigand

Freshmen

Edwin Griswold
Cordon Lipe
Henry Conlin
Neil Conklin
Shirley Lynch
William South
Le Fay Brown
Harold Faith

TAU KAPPA EPSILON

Founded at Illinois Wesleyan 1899

Beta Chapter Installed April 17, 1909

Faculty Adviser—Dr. W. W. Smith
Colors—Cherry and Grey
Flower—Red Carnation

Patrons and Patronesses

Professor and Mrs. Max vanLewen Swarthout
Dr. and Mrs. Albert R. Taylor Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Engleman

Brothers in the Faculty

William C. Casey
Clyde W. Hart

Seniors

B. Earle Roberts
Lawrence W. Fritz
Ralph O. Goltra
Eber Spence
R. Elliott Wilson
J. Irwin Smith

Juniors

Harold R. Sampson
John G. Birks
Robert D. Sanders
Lyle W. Downey
D. Kenneth Duncan
Orval W. Diehl
Clarence B. Pierce
Paul A. Bailey

Sophomores

Leslie M. Shaw
Harold A. Johnson
J. Irwin Hurtt
Lester J. Schroll
John Hays
Robert B. Caldwell
Gilbert I. Payson
Fayette E. Norwine

Freshmen

Paul M. Johnson
Thomas R. Hartman
Thomas A. Edwards
Hugh Kinkade
William J. Harris
Jesse B. Birks
Floyd I. Curl
J. Albion Leonard
Gerald C. Telling
Resler S. Barrows
Frank B. Scott
George A. Kercher
Stafford L. Simer
Kelso B. Schultz

DELTA SIGMA PHI

Founded College of The City of New York, 1899

Alpha Lamda Chapter Installed April 16, 1921

Colors—Nile Green and White
Flower—White Carnation
Faculty Adviser—Dr. Arthur Wald

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Wood
Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Harrold
Rev. and Mrs. Harry L. Meyer
Mr. and Mrs. Victor Dewein

Juniors

Elden Bolds
George Procter

Sophomores

William R. Reeves
J. D. Kilgore
Richard Ross
H. Bunn Guest
Robert A. Wait
Frances Newell
Keith Baird
Robert Allen
O. E. Fawcett
Lloyd Moffett
DeWitt Dieterich
Gustan Bretscher
William Simpson
Harold Barth

Truman Galloway

Freshmen

Vernon Hale
Richard Walter
Joe Stanton
Clarence Bopp
Raymond Meiners
Harry Clark
Leslie Thornton
Harold VanDeventer
Bradford Bruso
Warren Barnes
Temple Alexander
Alfred Nelson

Hershel Danforth

Pledges

Stanley Hynes
Phillip Davenport
Winfield Harwood
Clarence Steele
Verice Rogers
Robert Armstrong

Earl Rosebraugh

ARTISTS' RECITALS

SALVI

The first of the artists'recitals was given on November 6th, by Salvi, who amazed and thrilled the audience with his masterly skill at the harp. He gave the harp great depth of tone, making it an instrument of power and character. So orchestral were his effects that one could imagine he heard the wood winds. The large audience more than filled the auditorium and, loath to be satisfied, called the harpist back for many encores.

HAROLD BAUER

Harold Bauer, the famous pianist, gave an excellent program on November 22nd. Bauer appeared in Decatur in recital six years ago, and all who heard him then were exceedingly glad of a return engagement. Bauer in recital is always satisfying with his sane interpretations, depth of tone, and variety of tone color. These qualities he showed in an even greater degree of artistry than ever before, in his recital at Millikin this year. The pianist was called back for two encores at the close of the program.

RUTH RAY

The third of the artists' recitals was given on December 14th by Ruth Ray, a young American violinist appearing under the direction of Godfrey Turner. Her program was of unusual interest, and highly appreciated by her audience. Her numbers were played in a beautiful and pleasingly artistic style. All who heard the violinist feel that her talent and excellent work will insure for her a remarkable future as an artist.

MME. RAPPOLD

Mme. Marie Rappold, famous soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave the last recital of the series on January 31st. Mme. Rappold possesses a remarkably fine voice which she handles in a very beautiful and artistic manner. Her program was well varied and very interesting. Most of the numbers were familiar American and English songs which the artist sang with expression. The audience was highly appreciative, and Mme. Rappold responded to many encores.

"THE THREE BEARS"

Children of the Conservatory Kindergarten acted out the story of the "Three Bears," on the evening of February 11th. The children sang nursery songs and acted their parts as crochet hooks, spoons, dishes, fairies, brownies, and pop-corn balls.

Miss Eloise Lloyd, in a Bo-Peep costume, read the prologue. Ambrosia Hunt acted the part of the little girl who visited the three bears' home, and Billy Huston acted the part of the Baby Bear. Only three parts in the play proper were not taken by the kindergarten children. These were the big and middle-sized bears as impersonated by Miss Jewell Orr and Miss Nellie Lamblin, and the fairy queen as represented by Miss Helen Gene Cantrall.

Suitable stage settings added much to the effect. The Conservatory orchestra played between acts. The play was directed by Mrs. Florence Royce.

SCHOLARSHIPS

With the aim of offering assistance to talented pupils toward obtaining a musical education, each year Millikin Conservatory of Music awards scholarships on a competitive basis. In the last four years, since the first scholarship was awarded, the following pupils have been successful in meeting the necessary requirements: Ruth Brown, piano; Florence Brown, violin; Gladys Orr, piano; Zorah Miller, piano; Bernice Taylor, voice. This year two scholarships were awarded: one in voice to Mary Bielheu, the other to Alfred Hughes in violin. Mary Bielheu studies with W. B. Olds, and Alfred Hughes with M. L. Swarthout.

SPRING FESTIVAL

The annual Spring Festival of the Millikin Conservatory of Music was given on May 2nd and 3rd, 1920. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Emil Oberhoffer, gave two splendid orchestral programs on the first day, assisted by capable vocal soloists. On the evening of the second, the Decatur Oratorio Choir of 310 voices under the leadership of D. M. Swarthout of the Conservatory, and accompanied by the full Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, gave a superb presentation of Chadwick's "Land of Our Hearts," and the first two cycles of Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha." The soloists assisting in this performance were Miss Gladys Swarthout, soprano, (a cousin of the Messrs. M. L. and D. M. Swarthout), Eugene Dressler, tenor, and Burton Thatcher, baritone, all from Chicago. The evening was one of great achievement, and represented a high-water mark in the musical history of Decatur. Almost one hundred students and faculty members from the University were members of the great chorus.

Festive Occasions

Being
Extracts from the Letters of a
Freshman Girl.

Saturday night,
Sept. 18, 1920.

Dear Mother:

Well, the first week is over, and I've been to a party already. The Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. have charge of the first week of school here every year, and the big climax of the week comes with a reception for the new students. So the reception was given over at school last night.

I went with four or five other Freshman girls from Aston Hall, and we did have the best time. I wore my blue organdie dress—you remember how nice it looks on me. Well, we got there, and right away some one pinned a little tag—with our names on it—on each of us. This was so that other people could easily know our names and we their's. So we looked everybody over while an orchestra played behind some palms, and then we went into the assembly room, (they call it chapel here), where a fellow named Judy played the piano, a Miss Green sang, and then there was the best boys' quartet! After that a funny red-haired fellow—Sampson, I think his name is—gave a monologue. Then they gave out sweaters to the fellows on last year's football, tennis, and track teams, and to three girls who played tennis. Believe me, I wouldn't mind having one of those sweaters.

After the program was over, we all went out in the corridors again and had some wafers and the *best* punch.

And what do you think! I met a man! He's a Freshman, too—tall and dark-haired, and he brought me home. He said he'd look for me over at school next week. I wonder. Anyway, I surely am glad I went to that party!

Tell all the folks hello for me.

With love,

Mary Jane.

* * * *
* *

Aston Hall,
Oct. 23, 1920.

Dearest Grace:

We've just won the most glorious foot ball game—from Augustana! Today was Decatur-Millikin day—set aside each year for the special purpose of letting Decatur townspeople know that Millikin is still on the map—and, very naturally, the game is always the big attraction. The "Terrible Swedes" put up a dandy game, but they couldn't pull anything over on Millikin.

I suppose I should really begin at the beginning of my story, and tell you about the snappy pep meeting and bonfire that we had on the back campus last night. After "*Allah Rah*" and "*I want to go back to Millikin*," Mr. J. S. McClelland, Mr. H. M. Owen, and Mr. W. R. McGaughey, an alumnus, gave spirited pep talks, and then Miss Eugenia Allin, our librarian, told us girls that we didn't make enough noise at the games. I wonder what she thought about our yelling this afternoon. I for one am so hoarse I can hardly whisper.

Well, after a couple of more yells, good old Coach Wann told us what real cheering means to a team, and Prexy Holden and Prof. Risley each gave us a pointed talk on school spirit.

Then the bon-fire was lighted, and while the flames shot up and then died down, we formed a circle and danced around in true Indian fashion, singing "*I want to go back to Millikin.*"

It was surely exciting, and everyone feels that the pep meeting was one reason for our wonderful victory over Augustana this afternoon.

Write and tell me the news.

Lots of love,

Mary Jane.

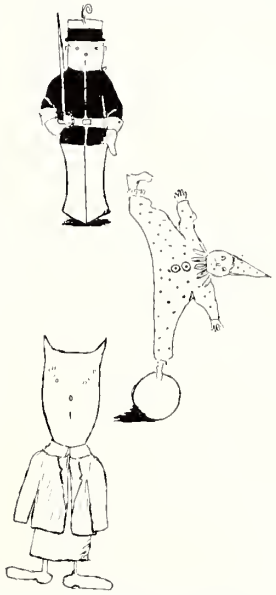
* * * *
* *

Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31
The Hall

Dearest Mother:

I've been having quite a busy time this last week, so I didn't get to write more than once.

Do you remember that fellow I met at the Y. W. reception the first of the year? Well, I've been with him a couple of times since, and night before last (Friday) he took me to the school Hallowe'en party. I borrowed a costume from my room-mate and went as a gypsy, and Dick—that's his name—dressed as a cow-boy. The party was over at the gym, and you should have seen the costumes! You wouldn't have known that it was proper J. M. U.—you would have thought it was a bunch of high school kids.



As for the faculty—well, I wish you could have seen the Dutch immigrant family, headed by Mr. Casey, my government teacher, and Miss Young, my home nursing teacher. I think there were about ten of them, all acting crazy, and when the program started they all got out their lunch baskets and had lunch.

Well, after we had all seen one another, we all formed in a line and paraded before the judges. Then the program started. There was a solo dance first, and then the sororities and fraternities gave their stunts. The Tuckabackees gave a minstrel act, the Tri Delts a singing and dancing act, and the Tekes a monologue by Lyle Downey. The Alpha Chi's had another musical act, and the Sig Alph gave a stunt where one of their fellows impersonated a girl. The Pi Phi's had a sketch entitled, *It Pays to Advertise*, using girls dressed to represent everything from

Fatima to a *Skin You Love to Touch*, then the Zeta's had a novelty act, and the S. A. I.'s ended the program with a mock wedding.

It was a dandy program, and after it was over, Dick bought me some cider and doughnuts from the Y. W. stand, and we went over in one corner and talked. Incidentally he asked to come over tonight, so I'd better start to get ready.

Give my love to Dad and Sis and Brother Bill—and keep a lot for yourself, from

Mary Jane.

P. S.—I'll be needing some more money soon.

* * * *
* *

Sunday,
November 7th.

Dear Grace:

It was a shame you couldn't come for Home Coming. Everyone says it was one of the best in years, and there were just lots of alums and visitors here.

The big celebration started Friday afternoon with the Freshman-Sophomore Scrap, and we Freshmen just licked the Sophs all to pieces! We won five out of seven events. Among the different stunts were the tug-of-war, basket ball game, archery, and soccer foot ball game. I played in the soccer game—you know you play it by kicking a ball down the field toward your goal. It's lots of fun, but you surely do have to jump around in a hurry. But anyway, we won, so I don't mind my skinned ankle so much.

Friday night everybody went to see *Jambalaya*, a musical play written by some of the students and some of the faculty. The "hero" was Harold Sampson and the "heroine" Miss Spencer, one of our art teachers. They were a couple of green Freshmen "just arrived'" at Millikin. They were just dandy—as funny as could be, and some of the songs they gave were certainly clever. There were about thirty in the cast—everybody from Prexy down to the "corridor hounds," and the vamps. The play was just a scream from start to finish.

Then yesterday there was a special chapel service. Prexy welcomed the alumni and Mr. Charles Record responded for them, and then President Emeritus A. R. Taylor spoke briefly. Of course we had some songs and some yells, and some of the Freshmen fellows gave a Scotch Highlander stunt.

Well, after chapel we had a big parade. We Freshmen wore green caps, and one of our fellows impersonated Prexy. The Sophs had a couple of "alums" returning fresh from the country. The Juniors had a Millidek stunt and the Seniors all rode together on a hay rack. Conservatory girls had ukes and sang, and there were two cars full of the Kindergarten kiddies. The faculty and the alumni rode in cars. It was quite thrilling to step along to the music of the band. We went all thru town and then back.

The climax of Home Coming, the foot ball game, ended with a one-sided victory over Shurtleff. After the game, we all went back to the Hall and had a cup of Pi Mu Theta tea.

The day was brought to a most happy ending with a wonderful harp recital by Alberto Salvi, world famous harpist.

I do wish you could have been here. Maybe you can come next year, though.

Tell my big brother, Bill, that I'll write to him soon, if I ever get time.

Lots of love. Write to me soon.

Mary Jane.

* * * *
* *

Saturday, Nov. 20.
Aston Hall.

Dear Bill:

I had expected to answer your last letter sooner, but you see I've been so busy and there has been so much happening lately.

Last Friday we had another all-school party, over at the main building. Did I ever tell you about one of the fellows I've met here? He's tall and dark-haired, and from Bement, a little town near here, and his name is Dick Wagner. He's been just dandy to me, and I've had about six dates with him.

So we went to the party Friday together. It was in the nature of a vaudeville show—like the *Hippodrome* at home—and there were four acts. There was a tumbling act, a monologue, a Jewish act, and a dancing act given by two fellows, one dressed up in a black evening dress and a big black tulle hat like a girl, and you could hardly tell he wasn't a girl.

Then after the program we all went over to the gym to see our Freshman team beat the Sophs in basket ball. Dick was on the Freshman team—he's a forward, and he played a dandy game. All in all, it was quite a fine party, and we were both glad we went.

What's the news at home? Write and tell me who your last girl is.

Love to mother, dad and sis.

Your sister,
Mary Jane.

* * * *
* *

Sunday afternoon
Feb. 20.

Dear Mother:

I want to tell you about the wonderful banquet I got to go to last night. Each year the college Pan-Hellenic, composed of representatives from all the girls' fraternities on the campus, gives a scholarship banquet for the girls who made the highest grades during the first semester of school. I was lucky—second in the Freshman class, so I got to go. At the banquet were the two highest girls from each class and the highest in each fraternity. Other girls who got to go are Helen Machan, Helen Coonrod, Maurita Shafer, Helen Richardson, Ruth Tucker, Consuelo Cum-

mins, Mary K. Schumacker, Georgiana Schaub, Adele Shelah, Edna Rybolt, Camille Barnett, Ida Baker, and Marjorie Hampton.

The banquet was given at the Hotel Orlando, in the private dining room, and it did look so pretty. We were all seated around tables—about eight to a table—and there was a hand painted place-card at each seat. The colors were silver and rose, and on each card was painted a silver loving cup.

Of course, we had wonderful food—filet mignon and everything else good—and after we finished there were four toasts based on *The Loving Cup*. Lois Engleman, the president of Pan-Hellenic, was toast mistress, and the responses were:

But first it shall have a base ..... *Mary Schumacker*
The handle toward my hand ..... *Camille Barnett*
Another on the other side ..... *Phillis Hamman*
Deep in the bowl ..... *Helen Coonrod*

After the last toast was given, we all stood up and drank from the silver loving cups that were on each table, and then Mrs. Holden, Prexy's wife, gave a beautiful poem, Ella Wheeler Wilcox's *My Ships*.

Then we talked a while with one another, and before we knew it, the banquet was over. I certainly am going to try to go next year, too.

Oh, yes—Dick sent me a lovely boquet of pink roses to wear to the banquet. Wasn't that sweet of him?

Well, I must close—it's almost time for tea. Write me the news.

Love,
Mary Jane.

* * * *
* *

Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1921.

Dear Sis:

I've been learning to write poetry in one of my classes, and I've been practising a little outside. I've written a little poem about Washington's birthday and the things that happened around here then. Want to hear it?

Oh February 22
It is a famous day;
And so we celebrate it
In many a unique way.

This year we had—oh, many things—
What?—Well,—class parties three;
And then besides at Aston Hall
There was a lovely tea.

It was a 'Martha' tea, you know,
The hours there were not long;
And besides the tea and 'Marthas',
There was music and a song.

The flowers were dark carnations,
The favors cherries red,
Oh, yes—and George was there himself
With a white wig on his head.

All Aston Hall was there in force
Dressed up in Sunday best;
And we did have just lots of fun
Being "Mrs. Aston's" guests.

And on that same, that Tuesday night,
Three parties did take place;
The Seniors and the Sophomores
And the Freshies with good grace.

The Seniors went to the Lincoln Square—
They are a reckless bunch,
And then they went to the Pi Phi house—
To talk, and have some lunch.

The Sophs went to the Kappa Delts'
At least that's what we're told;
From the things we hear of that party
The Sophs were surely some bold.

It was a Greenwich village
To which these people went;
And artists there in smocks and tams,
From Greenwich were surely sent.

And last but not least, the Freshies,
God bless each little heart—
Their nurses wheeled them out to school,
Each in his green go-cart.

They romped and played and had such fun,
Then in the chapel went;
Where they had some entertainment,
For they were on pleasure bent.

Then they had ice cream and cake,
And other things to eat;
Downstairs on great long tables—
They all did look so sweet.

And rumor has it, even now,
That the party lasted late;
Well, things are changing anyway,
And—would we want them sedate?

And now I've told you all I know,
This ends my little song;
I see you sigh and hear you ask,
"Why did it take so long?"

Write to me.

Love,

Mary Jane.

March 17, 1921.

Dear Gracie:

Your letter came this morning, and I was so glad to hear from home that I am answering right away.

There hasn't been an awful lot happening around here until today. Today was Millidek Day at school, and the Millidek staff had charge of chapel this morning. You remember the Sampson fellow who was in the Home Coming play? Well, he took the part of an old farmer who had just received a Millidek, our college annual, from his son at school. So he read it—there was a big imitation Millidek about four feet high on the stage—and as he read, each department appeared and gave a stunt. *Organizations* had a Senior, a Junior, a Sophomore and a Freshman march by, each dressed appropriately. The Freshman, for example, had on green socks, green tie, and a green skull cap, and he was eating peanuts. *Conservatory* had a piano solo, *Social* a folk dance by "Milly" and "Dek", *Literary* a fellow in the agony of writing something for the Millidek, and *Athletics* a snake dance ending in the formation of a letter M by girls in blue sweaters. The *Calendar* had the boys' quartet sing a parody on "Today is Monday," and *Jokes* gave a clever take-off on Mrs. Walker, dean of women.

Then Lois Engleman, the editor, appeared and had the girls in the blue sweaters give out little *Millidek* booklets, the *Advertising*. Then everyone signed up on the "dotted line" to save fifty cents by buying before May 1st. And thus ended the Millidek chapel, one of the best in years, they say. When I get my Millidek, I'll show it to you—my picture's in two places.

What's new in the old town?

I'll soon be home for Easter vacation.

Love from

Mary Jane.

* * * *
* *

Aston Hall
Saturday, April 2.

Dear Dorothy Ann:

You have been giving me such interesting accounts of your dances there at the "U" lately, that I thought I would tell you about one I went to last night. It was a very great event, for it was the first time that an all student dance has ever been given at Millikin.

The dance last night was managed by the Student Council through Kathryn Kline, one of the Juniors, and it was just gobs of fun. The Orlando ball room, where it was given, was decorated in Millikin blue and white, with a big Millikin pennant suspended from the big dome in the center of the room. The music was just right, the only trouble being that you didn't want to stop when you were supposed to.

The feature dance was an elimination dance, during which blue and white caps were given to the men. Miss Allin, our librarian, outlasted every one else, and she got the prize for the dance.

When 10:30 came, we were all having such a good time, and the chaperons, Deans Wald and Walker, were having almost nothing to do, and nobody wanted to go, but we finally did tear ourselves away, with fond memories of our first student dance, and hopes for many more in the future.

I was with Dick—I know you're beginning to wonder. Aren't you surprised?

Write me about yourself and your good times.

With love,

Mary Jane.

* * * *
* *

Sunday, April 24.
The Hall.

Dear Mother:

I feel so important—I had the honor last night of going to the Sophomore dance with a Sophomore! But he's a nice one, though, so you don't mind.

The Elk's ball room seemed like a spring garden with its multitude of blossoms and vines, and the orchestra was in the middle. Our programs were lovely, hand-painted ones with the silhouette of a lady's head on them. The music was wonderful—that goes without saying—and the two feature dances were especially pretty. During the first, the favor dances, bright colored paper aprons were given to the girls and ties to the men. And then the firefly dance was lovely. The lights were turned off and we all lighted sparklers, the kind you burn on Fourth of July nights.

We all drank lots of frappe and kidded the chaperons, Dean Wald, Prof. and Mrs. Mills, Miss Young and Miss Dunlap, and, do you know, before we realized it, it was time to go.

But I will always remember the Sophomore dance, because it was so pretty and I had such a nice time. I had some wonderful red roses, too.

The Juniors are having a dance for the Seniors on May 6th, but I don't suppose I will get to go. From what I have heard though, I wouldn't mind being a Senior at all, or a Junior, either.

Well, I must stop and get ready for tea. Dick got almost jealous last night, but he has recovered since, and he has hinted that he might come down to see me this summer. Wouldn't that make the old tongues wag, though?

Give my love to all. I'll soon be home for good now.

With lots of love,

Mary Jane.

LITERARY
E·B·Robbins·

THE KAPPA SOCIETY

OFFICERS

President—William C. Casey
Secretary—Halvor Leek
Treasurer—Irene Handlin Duerr

The Kappa Society is a distinctively scholastic organization, composed of graduates from James Millikin University, whose rank as students has been such as to permit of their meriting the society's emblem, a gold key. Seniors who have completed at least two years of their college course at Millikin, and who have attained high honor rank, or an average of 92 or above for their entire collegiate work, are privileged to become affiliated with the organization. A graduate scholarship entitling the recipient to one year's tuition in pursuing a specialty is awarded each year to the member of the graduating class who ranks the highest in scholarship in Junior and Senior courses. Halvor Leek won this honor in 1920. Mr. Leek's average for the four years was also the highest.

Those of the 1921 Senior Class who will receive gold keys are Mildred Wiley, Helen Machan and Hubert Robertson.

The High Honor Underclassmen for 1919-1920 were:

Juniors—Helen Machan and Mildred Wiley.
Sophomores—Lois Engleman, Marie Nelson, and Leta Randall.
Freshmen—Consuelo Cummins and Harry Kaiser.

MEMBERS OF THE KAPPA SOCIETY

Jessie L. Ferguson, '07
Irene Handlin Duerr, '07
Lucile Margaret Bragg, '09
H. Gary Hudson, '09
Alice Dempsey Hamilton, '09
Viola M. Bell, '11
Mary E. Carroll, '11
Edgar H. Allen, '12
Lois A. Browne, '12
Jessie Lichtenberger, '07
Bonnie Blackburn, '08
Benjamin G. Lehenbauer, '09
Ruth Stevens Rothacher, '09
Flora Ross, '10
Alice P. Henderson, '11
Ellis H. Hudson, '11
Jesse L. Conel, '12
Lottie B. Cook, '12
Corinne Painter Holcomb, '12
Roger Young, '12
Laura Krieg Lewis, '13
Jessie Ayres, '13
Faye Fisher, '14
William F. Henderson, '14
Loren H. King, '14
*Deceased

*Ivra Shaw Gray, '15
Martha McIntosh, '15
Mary Esther Kassebaum Smashy, '16
Margaret Honeywell Miller, '17
Charles Lee, '17
Margaret Cloyd, '18
Elizabeth Knight, '19
Catherine Warren Milligan, '20
Fern Parr Wilkin, '12
Esther Lou Bergen, '13
Effie Morgan, '13
Mary Prestey, '13
Maude Yarnell Burchell, '13
Anne Milligan, '14
Sophia M. Drobish, '14
Ruth Lewman, '15
Leah Fullenwider, '16
Louise Bradford Dillavou, '16
William Cornell Casey, '16
Elinor Mills, '17
Henrietta Graybill, '18
Gertrude Guller Mace, '19
Erna Lohrman, '20
Geneva Gregory, '20
John Halvor Leek, '20

THE BROWNBACK STORY CONTEST

Every year Mr. J. M. Brownback, of Decatur, offers a prize of $25 for the best short stories presented by Millikin women for the story contest. Last year two contestants, namely, Evelyn Cole and Mildred Wiley, tied for first place. Helen Coonrod was accorded second place. Both Miss Cole and Miss Wiley have received previous recognition of their ability as writers of verse, stories, and clever essays. Miss Coonrod has elicited a talent for writing in her work in the classroom.

Hubert Robertson, Lawrence Fritz,
Dale Yoder

John Birks, George Proctor
Vernon Hale, Lois Engleman

THE BROWN DEBATE

The will of Dr. Everett J. Brown provides for the continuation of prizes to be awarded the winners of the Brown Debate.

The first Brown Debate was held about seventeen years ago, and since that time the event has been an annual one.

T. Dale Yoder, a Freshman, won the first prize of $25 in the 1921 Brown Debate, which was held on March 1st. George Proctor won the $10 second prize. Mr. Yoder discussed the negative side and Mr. Proctor the affirmative of the question: Resolved, That in all criminal cases a commission of experts should be substituted for the present jury. There were eight contestants altogether. The debaters, besides the winners, were: Lois Engleman, John Birks and Vernon Hale, affirmative, and Hubert Robertson, Lawrence Fritz and Orville Buckles, negative.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING CONTESTS

The negative debating team of the James Millikin University was defeated by the affirmative team of Eureka College in the debate which was held at Eureka on March 18. The debate between Millikin's affirmative team and Wesleyan's negative team, to have been held in Decatur on the same date, was cancelled on account of the failure of the two colleges to come to a definite agreement regarding the interpretation of the question: Resolved, That in all criminal cases an expert commission be substituted for the present jury.

Millikin's affirmative team met Bradley's negative on April 19, at Bradley, but lost the case.

The debaters in the Intercollegiate were those who had participated in the Brown Debate. The personnel of each team was unchanged.

THE McDAVID AND SANDERS ORATORICAL CONTESTS

Two new annual prizes have been offered by Mr. Horace W. McDavid and by Dr. R. Zinc Sanders, both of them Millikin graduates, and both exceedingly interested in the furtherance of Millikin's advancement. Mr. McDavid's prize of $50 will be divided into a first and second prize, to be given the winners of the Freshman Oratorical contest. The oratorical contest for which Dr. Sanders has offered a $50 prize, is open only to Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE CONTEST

Unfortunately the Freshman-Sophomore Literary Contest, which was held in Kaeuper Hall on May 18, 1920, resulted in victory for neither one side nor the other, the two rivals tied at the end of the contest. One of the important numbers on the program was the debate in which the Freshmen were represented by Consuelo Cummins and Edward Lindsay, and the Sophomores by William Cramer and Donald Ping. The other class contestants were, for the Freshmen: Sight reading—Jane Felix; prepared reading—Virginia Baldwin; effective speaking—Helen Regan; essay—Helen Parkinson. For the Sophomores: Sight reading—Helen Williams; prepared reading—Helen Gorham; effective speaking—Orville Buckles; essay—Louise Vent. The other winning contestants were Helen Williams, Helen Gorham and Louise Vent.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE FORENSIC CONTEST

Quite a contrast to last year's contest was the Freshman-Sophomore Forensic held in the university auditorium Friday evening, April 28. The Sophomores won ten out of a possible thirteen points, an almost unprecedented victory, before an audience of 300. Before the formal contest opened, Lloyd Moffett sang "That's Where the West Begins"; and while the decisions of the judges were collected, Miss Gladys Phillis sang. Miss Helen Regan and Mr. Walter Mitchell arguing on Student Government and the Honor System, won the first four points for the Sophomores. Miss Thelma Scott and Miss Helen Jacobs presented the Housing Situation, as representatives of the Freshman Class.

The only event won by the Freshmen was the prepared reading, which counted three points. This, Miss Marjory Hampton brought to them by her reading from "The Lion and the Mouse," by Charles Klein. The Sophomores were represented by Miss Helen Jones, who read from Scott's "Kenilworth." Perhaps the most closely contested number on the program was the effective speaking, won by Edward Lindsay, who discussed the question "What interests are behind the open shop, and why?" David Jones, the Freshman representative, spoke on the question, "Is the open shop fair to the labor union?" Both speakers were well prepared. The last number on the program, a dramatic sketch, was handled well by the representatives of both classes. A cast composed of Miss Dorothy Davis, Robert Wait, and Paul Cline, scored two more points for the Sophomores by presenting "Lima Beans." The Freshman cast, Alfred Nelson, Edwin Griswold, Welby Abrams and Tom Hartman, presented "The Brink of Silence." Miss Esther Biggs' "Joyousness of Rain," won the two points awarded for the best informal essay. This, too, was for the Sophomores.

President Holden presided at the contest and judges of the different numbers were as follows: The essay, Mrs. L. E. Holden, Mrs. A. R. Taylor, and Mrs. W. W. Smith; prepared reading and dramatic sketch, Miss Lillian Crea, Miss Lena Corzine, and Mr. Edward Powers: effective speaking and agrumentation, Mrs. Inez J. Bender, Mrs. Roy Hamilton, Mr. R. C. McMillin, and Mr. Horace W. McDavid.

THE BLUDGEONINGS OF CHANCE

MILDRED WILEY

The weary horses had come slowly from the fields, jingling their heavy work-harness—and now in the stable there was a steady crunching and grinding of corn and hay. Miriam was in the garden, bending over and pulling up radishes with quick little jerks. She saw her father climb down out of the stable mow on the outside ladder and go slowly toward the house.

"Supper's most ready, pa."

"All right, Miri'm, all right."

Miriam went on pulling up the little round, red radishes, and cutting the tops of them off with her sharp knife. It was a quiet May evening. The house wren which had built its nest in the old cistern-pump, trilled a thread of melody from its perch on the clothes-line and tilted back and forth, turning its head from side to side. She heard the creak of the pump in the summer kitchen, as her father pumped water to wash. Poor pa—he had looked so tired when he came in! She was glad she had a good supper for him—his favorite puffy omelet, and biscuits and honey.

Suddenly there came a crash from the summer kitchen, a splash of an upset wash basin, a muffled groan, and then—silence. Miriam stood up, catching her breath in dread; still clutching her little bunch of radishes, she ran toward the house. She knew what had happened—pa had had another stroke. It had been a year since he had one, but the doctor had said the last time that another stroke—She ran panting to the screened door of the summer kitchen and threw it open. There on the floor lay her father, just as he had fallen, one arm crumpled under his chest, his body strangely twisted, and from the side of his face that she could see, a little stream of blood flowed from his weatherbeaten cheek, where it had struck the iron leg of the washstand. He was unconscious. Miriam tried frantically to lift him, but could not move even his heavy shoulders. Terrified, she stumbled to the telephone and with shaking fingers rang the ring of their nearest neighbors, the Burchards.

"Oh, Mrs. Burchard, tell Mr. Burchard an' Butch to come quick! pa's had another stroke—quick, please!"

She hung up the receiver with trembling fingers, and then called through central for Dr. Ramsay, in Five Corners.

"Oh, doctor, please come quick! I'm afraid pa's awful bad!"

Turning away from the 'phone, she looked helplessly down at her father's twisted form and leaning over him, she tried with her handkerchief, to stop his wound from bleeding. It was only five minutes, but it seemed ages till Bill Burchard and "Butch" were there, and had lifted the still unconscious man and carried him to the lounge in the living room.

"Looks t' me 's if Lem had got a purty bad spell this time," said old Bill Burchard, awkwardly feeling the pulse of the quiet figure on the lounge.

"Shouldn't wonder if he was laid up quite a spell," agree Butch, eyeing Miriam as she knelt by her father in an agony of apprehension, smoothing his cool forehead.

"Doctor's comin'!" cried old man Burchard, as a faint humming noise sounded in the distance. A little Ford coupe grey with dust shot into the yard, turned around rapidly, and stopped by the kitchen porch. "Doc" Ramsay proceeded to unwind himself out of the little car, and to Miriam it seemed that he was the slowest man she had ever seen. He emerged gradually, first a long, grizzled head with a motor cap, then by degrees a lanky body, loosely enveloped in a yellow duster. He ignored the greetings of the Burchard family, and proceeded instantly to Lem's side. He examined the sick man gravely, with swift, but few, movements, and then patted Miriam's head pityingly.

"Poor little gal! I'm afraid your pap's laid up for good."

"What do you mean, Doctor?" cried Miriam, looking up at him with wide, dismayed eyes.

"He's not goin' to be good for any more work, Miriam," said the doctor seriously. "He can still move his arms,—but—Wait till I give him something to wake him up."

Baring Lem's arm, which was white and smooth as the skin of a girl, where the sleeve always protected it, the doctor injected a hypodermic. In a few minutes, the sick man moved his arms and head slowly from side to side. He seemed to be struggling to move the rest of his body. Finally he looked up at the doctor, his eyes staring in dull dismay from under their shaggy brows.

"Doc, my-my legs!"—

"Yes, I know, Lem. It's tough."

Lem's eyes turned to the brown head buried on his shoulder.

"Miri'm—the farm"—

"Never you mind about Miriam and the farm, Lem. We'll fix things up somehow."

"Mebbe you an' your pap could move to town," suggested Bill, as if trying to be helpful.

The man on the bed groaned, and looked pleadingly at Miriam.

"No, pa," she said, reading the fear in his face. "We'll get help, somehow. We won't ever leave the old farm, pa, don't you worry."

Lem's troubled face relaxed, and soon, like a baby, he closed his eyes and almost immediately went to sleep.

The young leaves of the maple tree by the kitchen shone brightly in the morning sun, and dappled the sunshine that fell on the kitchen porch. Miriam stood on the porch, shading her eyes with her hand, and looked anxiously up the road toward Five Corners. It was a week since her father's fall, and still she hadn't been able to get a hand. This was the critical time in the spring work. There didn't seem to be a single grown man available to work on the farm any more. Farmers complained more and more of the difficulty of getting help. All the young men of Five Corners and vicinity who were not buying farms, or renting for themselves, had gone to Akron or Cleveland, or Toledo, to work in the factories. Innumerable opportunities were offered there, and the wages and hours were far better than those on the farm. Miriam had advertised in the Five Corners paper, and in most of the Cleveland and Akron papers, but no one had answered her advertisement, or come to inquire about the place. What was worse, no one could give her any encouragement.

She sighed and went into the kitchen to mix her bread. No sooner had she got her hands in the flour than a clean and brisk looking young man stepped upon the kitchen porch and spoke to her through the screen door.

"Good morning, Miss. Wouldn't you like to look over my book this morning?"

"No!" said Miriam icily. No woman likes to be disturbed when she is mixing bread. "I'm not at all interested."

The book agent looked crestfallen. He didn't seem to be the usual tenacious variety.

"Very well, Miss," he said in a disappointed tone, and to Miriam's surprise, he left without further debate.

"Well, he's not much good as a book agent," she said to herself as she shaped a great, shining roll of white dough and placed it in a bread pan.

"Y' can't get farm help now days," Bill Burchard had told her with an air of finality which seemed conclusive. "If there was less of these guys around tryin' to sell books and wastin' people's time generally, there might be more hands. Not that I'd ever let a book agent work fer me, though. They don't know beans, any of 'em."

It was only half past seven o'clock in the morning, but Miriam's morning house-work was done already. It was almost time for Claude to arrive. Claude was a dull-faced, slouchy neighbor's boy, about thirteen years old, who was the nearest approach to a hand that she had been able to obtain. He did the chores and worked a little at the farm work in a stupid, ineffectual sort of way. However, Miriam was glad to have even so much of a helper to depend upon.

The screen door opened, and Claude appeared upon the threshold. He was turning his cap sheepishly in his hands, and looking down at it.

"Miri'm, would you jes' as soon lemme have my money now? I cal'ate to quit."

"Why, Claude, what's the matter?"

Claude squirmed. He stuck the toe of one heavy shoe in the crack of the door.

"I tell you I wanna quit."

"Is it the wages, Claude? Do you want more?"

"Naw, 'taint that. My paw he says I should quit. Guess he's got sumpin' else he wants me t' do. Anyways he wants me t' quit."

The stubborn set of Claude's features showed Miriam that further argument was worthless. With a dreadful sensation of some kind of a conspiracy of fate against her, she went to the blue sugar bowl in the side-board and took out the money that was left from selling the last case of eggs. It was five dollars, just enough to pay the boy's wages for the week. As Claude slumped out of the door, she sank down by the kitchen table, burying her face in a pair of floury hands. She remained in that despondent position for just five minutes. At the end of that time she stood up suddenly, wiped her eyes, and set resolutely out the kitchen door in the direction of the barn.

It was Saturday evening. Lem was lying by the window in the living room, and Miriam sat beside him. The subject they were discussing was well-worn. After the old man's last words they sat quiet for awhile. A cool breeze came from the river bottom. Down in the willow thicket by the pond a pewee was singing, and the frogs croaked their quavering melody. Miriam Jane was tired out, but she looked pretty. Her hair made little curls around her damp forehead, and the plain blue middy and skirt she wore made her look almost a child. Her brown eyes had tired shadows under them. She didn't have bright red cheeks and plump hands,

according to the local beauty type, but she "had a style about her," the neighbors all agreed.

The sudden creak of the front gate startled her out of the reverie she had fallen into; with a sinking sensation that she realized that Butch was arriving for his weekly call. She went out on the porch to receive him because she didn't want him to talk to her father. Talking to Butch always made Lem feel disheartened and discouraged over his own poor farm prospects.

Butch creaked up the path, perspiring and fiery red. He was a heavy-set individual with light hair and a florid complexion. His eyes were small and greyish-green, and his face had a pugnacious look, which had combined with his last name to give him the name "Butch." His hands, heavy-knuckled, thick, like shoulders of mutton, hung limply at his sides. His hair was shaved off close to his head, leaving only a short bristle-like growth which stood up stiffly all over the pink surface of his large, bullet-shaped head. When he smiled, he showed every tooth he possessed. Tonight he was wearing an ill-fitting green suit, and bumpy-toed, bright tan shoes. Miriam noticed that he was carrying a newspaper package under his arm.

"I brought you folks over a ham o' meat," he explained, offering the substantial tribute. "We butchered late, an' paw says we're goin' t' have a lot o' meat left over if we don't get rid o' some."

"Thank you, Butch," said Miriam, hardly knowing the proper way to accept such an offering.

Butch gave one of his expansive smiles, and settled down on the step below her. Settled there, he seemed to grow dumb and gloomy, for his face darkened, and he set his bulldog jaw tightly as if his thoughts were unpleasant. They sat side by side for perhaps ten minutes, neither one saying a word. Finally Miriam looked down at the furiously disgruntled face of her suitor.

"Well, whatever is the matter?" she inquired.

"Well! I'll tell you right now, Miri'm Curtis, that the way you're actin' up now is darn foolishness. The thing for you to do is marry me, an' I'll see that your paw's pervided for."

"Now, Butch, be reasonable! You wouldn't expect me to marry you just in order to provide for pa?"

"Don't think I'm good enough fer you, eh? Well, I ain't so fancy, but my paw's got as much land as any man in the county. You mark my word, Miri'm Curtis, if you turn down a good pervider like me, you're goin' t' be the laughing stock of the township. An' more than that, if you carry on like this continual, the time'll come when you'll lose all your looks, an' nobody'll be wantin' you."

Miriam's eyes flashed, and she opened her mouth to reply scornfully, but thought better of it.

"Now don't be angry, Butch," she said. "Let's just be good neighbors. There's no use in our quarreling."

She smiled, and her smile and friendly chatter gradually drove some of the sullenness from Butch's face. He gave an occasional grunt in reply to her remarks, and his small, greenish eyes followed her every movement and expression with a dogged intensity. He sat there until ten o'clock, letting Miriam bear the burden of the conversation, and then promptly at ten he arose, mumbled a "G'night," and left. When he was gone, Miriam heaved a deep sigh of relief, and went in to see if her father

had fallen asleep.

He was awake, however, waiting to joke her in his gentle way after the departure of her "beau," as all the fathers in the neighborhood did.

The kindly banter was more than Miriam could bear.

"Pa, how often have I told you that I don't like Butch? I can't stand him—the stupid thing!"

"Well, well, child, he seems like a likely enough boy to me, and he's mighty well off, but of course girls is perticular," the old man sighed.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of a broiling hot June day. The young corn was growing fast, and the weeds were growing faster. Farmers everywhere were trying to get in work from daylight to darkness in order to keep up with the rapid growing weather. In the lower twenty on the Curtis farm, a weary team of horses, foamy with sweat and bloody from the bites of the great horse-flies, toiled slowly across the corn-field. Driving the horses a slight boyish figure was sitting bent weakly over the lines, fatigue in every line of the body. A broad-brimmed straw hat hid the face from view, but the thin, brown arms that clutched the lines were feminine-looking; though even a friend who knew Miriam well would find it hard to recognize her on the cultivator. Her hair was nearly all pinned up under her hat for coolness, and only a few stray locks straggled down. Her face was grimy with perspiration and dust, and the thin, blue cotton shirt which she wore with her denim overalls was wet across the shoulders, and stuck to her back. She crouched on the seat of the cultivator in an attitude of infinite weariness, and when she tried to call to the horses, her voice was weak. Grass grew in the fence corners, raspberry bushes flourished there, and little wrens and sparrows chirrupped and sang there, but Miriam heard nothing but the thud of the horses' hoofs and the sound of steel meeting soil—saw nothing but the long rows of corn and the sweating flanks of the trudging beasts.

In the next field across a rail fence Butch was cultivating corn with a team of big greys. His heavy shoulders did not look as if anything could make them bend. Sometimes Miriam stared at them for minutes at a time, half-repulsed, half-fascinated. The sheer brute strength of the man was something that in her own weakness she could not help admiring.

Suddenly one of her cultivator gangs struck a rock sidewise; there was a sharp click, and the intelligent horses stopped short. Miriam crawled off her seat dismayed. The coupling had broken right in two, rendering one side of her cultivator absolutely useless. In swift panic, she realized her own utter helplessness and ignorance in the treatment of farm machinery. She was fingering the broken gang in a futile sort of way, when she heard a voice behind her.

"Havin' trouble, huh?"

It was Butch. Miriam's heart leaped. She knew it was his boast that he and his father had twice as much farm machinery as they needed, and surely if he could not help her fix her own cultivator, he might lend her one of his. So she answered him, pleadingly, hopeful.

"Yes, Butch, this gang's broken off. Isn't there any way to fix it? I'm sure there must be some way, isn't there? Couldn't you lend me"—

"Can't lend you nothin'. Wear enough on things without lendin' 'em out to folks who break 'em up. Doubt if you can get that thing fixed this season. Too busy a time. Can't get fixtures anywhere."

"Oh Butch! Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Nothing I know of."

Miriam's face seemed to age in an instant, and the dull lines of hopelessness settled there. Never had she been so near giving up. What was the use of keeping up such a losing fight? After all, over-bearing though Butch was, most of the girls in the neighborhood married fellows no better than he was. He was considered a good catch by the girls she knew.

Butch's triumph was apparent.

"I told you all along you'd ought to have somebody else run this farm for you," he said. You can't do nothin' like this fool farmin' scheme, an' you know it. It's been a fizzle all along. No girl can manage a farm. Why, jest look how you lost your hired boy right the first week. That just proves you ain't fit to run a farm."

Butch's grin of triumph was such a sneer that Miriam found it unendurable. She had been huddled up over the broken cultivator during this harangue, but now she straightened up suddenly as a new idea struck her. Searchingly she eyed the leering features of Butch. Sternly she surveyed him, and as she did so, she seemed to find in his face a confirmation of her idea.

"Now I understand!" she cried. "Butch Burchard, you are the person who got Claude's father to make him leave. I don't know how you did it, but I know you *did*. I couldn't prove a thing—but I *know!*"

The grin on Butch's face had hardened into sullen fury, but he did not say a word. He turned abruptly on his heel and left. Miriam was left alone with her sweating team, her broken cultivator, and her new view-point.

What could she do? Her eyes lifted drearily to the old grey farmhouse in the distance, the apple orchard on the hill, the meadow and the cornfields. When her gaze came to the clover field, it rested there, and with a sudden resolution she smote the horses with the lines, and drove them toward the barn yard.

"I'll stick it out till after hayin'," she resolved, as the horses trotted before her. For there was a heavy crop of clover hay that year.

Miriam stood on the kitchen porch, looking toward the barn. It was a sultry evening, and the heavy air was stirred only by a faint breeze. In the meadow on the hill behind the barn, cow-bells were tinkling as the cows cropped the grass, and the weary horses, turned out to pasture for the night, made black shadows against the grey evening sky. The hay was all in the barn, and in Miriam's soul there were relief and contentment. It meant more to her than the accomplishment of a simple farm task: it was a victory over circumstance, and a promise for the future. She thought over those long, weary days on the mowing machine, the struggle with the hayloader, the mistakes she made with the slings, and the times she had to do things over again. She remembered the agony of those days spent in the mow, when with no help but a neighbor girl to drive the horses, she mowed back the hay that swung into the mow in the great slings. The suffocating air of that haymow, the back-breaking work, and the aching muscles—she recalled them all. Her hair had become dust-colored with the dust of the mow, her body was drenched with perspiration, dust stuck to her eyebrows and hands and arms, and to her clothing where perspiration had soaked it. She had loathed the dirt and the perspiration and the agony, and yet she had worked away furiously, for the thought of Butch's leer filled her with a greater loathing, and always there was the goal to be reached—a barn-full of hay. And now let him sneer if he could!—she had proved to him that she could farm in spite of

his opposition!

Now there it stood, the great red barn, the mow packed tight full of good, sweet clover hay, and all safe now, whatever might happen. Miriam's heart swelled so happily that her weary body seemed hardly able to contain it. Her little brown calloused hands clasped behind her head, she surveyed the results of her work, and was happy.

" 'S a good thing you got the hay in jes' when you did, Miri'm," commented her father from the lounge in the living room. "I smell rain in the air. This here heavy air allers means a hard storm."

"O pa, isn't it just too lucky that it's all in the barn? I guess luck's turned our way finally."

"I hope so, honey, I sure hope so."

Several faint flickers, followed by a low rumble, showed that his prophecy was about to come true. The wind began to blow harder, and dark smoke-like clouds scudded across the sky. The tree tops swayed as the wind rushed through them, and the rumbling grew louder. The lightning gradually increased in sharpness—jagged streaks shooting across the sky, and momentarily lighting up the landscape in a pale imitation of daylight. It was the first thunderstorm of a long dry spell, and Miriam rather welcomed it. She hurried in the house to shut the windows, and then sat by the front window, watching the lightning. Flash after flash came, followed by sudden, gunshot-like thunder claps.

"It's most too close to be fun to watch," said Miriam.

The words no sooner left her lips than there was a sudden blinding flash and a quick, terrible crash which seemed to split her ear drums, and then go tearing and rolling away into silence again. Miriam's hands flew to her ears, and she crouched terrified, against her father.

"Gosh! That struck close!" breathed her father, in an awestruck voice.

Miriam was still trembling. Finally she opened her eyes and looked out of the window again. The lightning flashes were less blinding now, and the thunder sounded further away. But there was a strange luminous light which trembled faintly in the east, a light which puzzled Miriam at first, and then brought her suddenly to her feet, eyes staring with an awful apprehension.

She rushed to the east window. The barn!—burning in the grip of little, licking flames—the great red barn and the hay crop that she had sacrificed strength, energy, and much of the freshness of her youth to harvest safely!

"Father! The barn! Oh, the hay! the hay!"

She dashed to the telephone and rang wildly every ring on the line—but it would hardly have been necessary, for farmers are used to emergencies of this kind, and a barn in the neighborhood is no sooner on fire than every man able to move is running, walking or driving hastily to the scene of the fire. In five minutes there was a crowd carrying buckets from the barnyard pump, and more men were coming every minute. They worked fast and hard, but their work had no apparent effect upon the fire. The pelting rain itself had no effect. There is no better tinder than a barnful of hay, and nothing more futile against a fire thus lightning engendered than a handful of men with a few buckets and a hand pump, though they may have the most helpful intentions in the world.

The fire blazed higher and higher. It was a gorgeous sight now to see the high, powerful flames leaping into the sky above the barn, and

lighting up the little group of men, as, finally discouraged, they stood watching the flames crackle and the timbers fall. The haymow was one mass of flame.

Miriam stood behind the men, staring up as they were, her face set, her eyes dull and tearless. This was the end of her labour; it was for this that she had toiled day and night, worked her fingers to the bone, and all but broken her health. She had done all that that these flames might shoot so high—that those cruel red tongues might lick up the barn and its contents, and leave nothing but a heap of ashes.

The men in front of her were talking.

"It's a darn shame, but then Lem's so hard-headed he never would get lightnin' rods."

"It's tough on the girl. They say she's been workin' herself to the bone getting this hay crop harvested."

"Well, what'd she set out to do such a fool thing for? Farmin' ain't no woman's job."

That was Butch's voice.

Miriam fled toward the house. Within, she ran to her father's side. Tears were streaming down the old man's face, but he put his arms about her and the two clung to each other with the tenderness that is the only comfort of such forlorn souls in their agony of despair.

At seven o'clock the next morning Miriam stood on the kitchen porch again. This time she surveyed, not the big red barn with its loft-windows bulging with hay, but a blackened, charred heap of timbers, ashes, and a thin, wavering wisp of smoke rising from it. Instead of the triumph of the evening before, Miriam's face wore the dull hopelessness that is seen too frequently on the faces of women in the country, women who have been broken by the treadmill of circumstance. For she was determined to prolong the struggle no longer. She had no illusions left. She realized fully what her resolution to marry Butch would mean. She knew what she would become—a frail, dragged-out, characterless creature like Butch's mother, and yet she did not care. Her father would be able to stay on the farm anyhow, and that was the only thing that really mattered any more.

A brisk knock came at the front door. Miriam went to the door and opened it. There on the threshold was the book agent—the same man who had been there earlier in the summer.

"Good mornin', Miss," said he. "I see you've had some bad luck. I'm sorry, and—"

"We can't buy any books today," said Miriam impatiently.

"Well, the fact is I didn't expect to sell you any books," said the book agent. "I just wanted to tell you I was sorry your barn burned. I wish I could help you some way."

"There's no possible way you could help us," said Miriam, coolly.

The book agent looked disappointed and had started to leave, when Lem's voice called querulously from the bedroom.

"Show the young feller in here, Miri'm. I'll tell him why we can't buy no books."

It did her father good to recite his troubles to other people, and thus relieve his mind of a little of the burden it accumulated as he lay helpless and brooding; so Miriam showed the book agent into her father's room. All through the long forenoon as she went about her morning's work, the mutter of voices continued, usually her father's fretful, unhappy voice, with an occasional comment in the crisp, business-like tones of the younger

man.

"City chap!" thought Miriam. "He's all dressed up in the height of style. A lot he knows or cares about farmers and their troubles!"

About eleven o'clock, the door opened, and the book agent came out. His head was held high, and he was smiling. Miriam noticed, in an indifferent sort of way, that his hair was crisp brown, his eyes brown also, and that the stylish coat covered a broad pair of shoulders. She was surprised to find her hand held fast in a grip that proved that those well-manicured white hands were strong ones.

"My name's Benton," he smiled, showing his white teeth in a friendly smile. "It's Boris Benton. I know that first cognomen sounds like an antiseptic face powder, but I'm not as bad as it sounds, honest. Your dad's been tellin' me all about your hard luck and it sure is rotten lines. And we've both decided that since I'm no good as a book agent, and never was, that it might not be a bad plan for us to sort of join forces. A punk book agent might make a good farmer, I don't know; anyhow, it's worth tryin'. I don't know the first thing about a farm, but I'll never learn any younger."

Miriam stared at him with a strange lassitude, overcome by her astonishment and this fluent stream of conversation. She went in to her father, unable to take Benton's words for granted till he should confirm them.

"That's all true what he says, Miri'm. Of course I don't suppose it'll work, but it won't do no harm to try, will it?"

There was a note of pleading in the old man's voice that Miriam could not resist; so in spite of her own utter distrust of the project she fell in with the plan, and by noon Boris Benton, book agent, had metamorphisized into Boris Benton, farm hand.

Threshing was over. The threshers had eaten their heavy supper and hurried off to do their own chores. The members of the threshing crew were "steaming up" ready to move on to the next place, so as to be ready to start threshing early in the morning.

With the help of a Swede girl from down the road, Miriam had all the dishes washed already; she sat wearily on the kitchen steps and watched the dirty little engine as it jerked and puffed slowly out of the barnyard, pulling the big red separator behind it. It was followed by a water wagon, pulled by two big bay horses; the waterboy sat high on his perch above the horses, and sang lustily in a tuneless, high-pitched voice.

"When you wore a tu—lup,
A sweet yell—o tu—lup,
An' I wore uh big red rose"—

Miriam's big grey cat slid around the corner of the porch, looked up at Miriam, mewed, and then seated herself with an air of importance and began systematically to wash her face. The remnants of threshers' meals are enough to fill any cat with peace and contentment.

"Did you have a good supper, kitty?" inquired Miriam, in the sympathetic, conciliatory tone one uses in talking to cats.

"Well, she's a lucky beast if she had anything to eat after the rest of us got through," laughed a voice behind Miriam.

It was hard to recognize the trim Boris Benton in the bronzed, muscular young chap in faded overalls who stood there on the porch. His arms were brown, and his formerly white hands were as hard and calloused as those of any hard-working farmer. He grinned good-naturedly down at Miriam, who grinned back; it was impossible to do otherwise.

"You did eat things up pretty clean," she admitted.

Boris settled down beside her.

"Now that's a good job, if I do say it," he said, waving his hand toward the granary and the great yellow straw-stack. "Seven hundred bushels of wheat, twenty-five to the acre! I guess that's not so worse for a girl and a greenhorn to do, not half bad! Gosh! but it did me good today to have some of those old hard-shelled hicks come around and shake me by the hand and say the things they did. Old Jim Evans says, 'I didn't think y' could do it, boy, but that gal an' you have surely showed some of us that we're a darn sight too confident nobody can farm unless they've been raised up on it!" It's been hard work, but it's been worth while, hasn't it, Miriam?"

Miriam's eyes filled. She smiled up at him, hardly able to speak.

"It's meant everything to me, Boris, everything. You have no idea how wonderful it seemed to me to have you step right in and give pa and me a fresh start just when I wanted to give up. And now—to think of really having all that wheat in the granary! I never can thank you enough —never in the world."

"Oh, that's nonsense about thanking me, Miriam. Why, Great Scott! girl, this has been my chance to get on my feet again, and get back my self-respect. Why, I was absolutely no-count till I took up this contract. I'll guarantee there wasn't a bummer book agent than me in the Central States. But as for farmin'—well!"

And he struck an attitude, laughingly pompous.

They sat side by side while the twilight deepened, and the stars began to come out. Finally Boris leaned over and touched Miriam's little hand with a big brown finger.

"I'm glad things are goin' so well, Miriam," he said, "because from now on, with the wheat all out of the road and everything, I ought to be able to handle the farm work without much help. And that'll mean that you get a chance to rest up a bit, and get some of the hard callouses off those little hands. You're a good manager, Miriam, but you shouldn't have to do the heavy farm work. It's no work for a woman."

Miriam laughed. The pet words of Butch sounded so different on Boris' lips, and she knew it was not the principle of the saying that she detested so heartily, but just Butch's disagreeable way of saying it.

"It will be grand to have more chance to work in the house again," she admitted. "I've let things go so long."

Boris watched her as she stared tranquilly away toward the rising moon. If she had looked up at him, she would have seen a queer expression in his eyes, a strange brooding tenderness, with a hint of pain.

The front gate clicked. Miriam sighed impatiently.

"I suppose that's Butch," she said.

"Oh yes, Butch," said Boris in a changed voice. He got up abruptly and went into the house.

The big, black heating stove sent up little quavering lines of heat, and a warm, red glow shone from its isinglass door. Miriam sat near it, crocheting by the light of the big hanging lamp. It was a crisp night in October, and the fire felt pleasant. Lemuel was in his room asleep, and Boris had gone to Five Corners to make arrangements for the use of an ensilage cutter. The corn that Miriam had worked so hard to cultivate was cut now, and ready to haul and put into the silo. All the real worry

of the season was over; there was plenty to do, but the agony of suspense and seeming hopeless drudgery was past. Miriam thought of her father's improved spirits, of the good condition the farm was in, and the prospects for building perhaps a better barn than the old one, the next spring. But most of all she thought of the man who had brought new life to her father and herself and the old farm. She thought of his ready laugh, his brisk, friendly manner, his mellow, cheerful voice, and the way his hair grew around his temples! And then she wondered about the look that had come into his face of late, a strained, unhappy look that even his cheerful grin could not conceal. She was sorry to see him unhappy, and try as she could, she could not imagine the reason for his brooding.

There was a step on the porch. Miriam looked up, astonished. It was not time for Boris to be back yet. Before she had time to gather her startled wits, there was a brief, sharp knock, and the door flew open. Miriam gave a cry as she recognized Butch. He was flushed, disheveled, and seemed excitedly hilarious.

" 'Lo Miri'm," he laughed. "C'm in, have chair. Thanks—don't care 'f I do, how are you, honey?"

He slouched down on the chair in front of the door, grinning foolishly.

"Butch! Listen! You must go home. You're—you act so queerly. You're not like yourself."

"Whassa matter with me? I nev' felt better in m' life. Been over t Chuck Leason's. Some o' the boys is still there. Drinkin' hard cider."

He chuckled. "Lef' ole Pete Karr singin' 'Th' Ole Oaken Bucket!' Had a bucket full o' cider settin' in front o' him. I tole 'em I was goin' t' see m' girl. We drank one all 'round t' the future Miz Butch; ha ha!"

"Oh Butch, you didn't tell them that?"

"Sure! Why not? "he leered. "Ain't you an' me been keepin' stiddy comp'ny all these years? Ain't you goin' to marry me? An' it's gotta be pretty dam quick, too. I'm tired o' putting up with your cantankerous notions. 'N I'm sick o' seein' that sickly city dude around here with his book farmin'. I'm goin' to marry you without any more nonsense. C'mon, give us a kiss, girlie."

He stood up and lurched over toward where Miriam stood.

"You keep back, Butch Burchard! Don't you dare come any nearer me! You're drunk as a lord, or you wouldn't dare say such things to me. You know I've never given you any encouragement. I've always loathed and detested you. I'd die before I'd marry you!"

"You'll eat them words, Miriam Curtis!" roared Butch, rushing tipsily toward her. His little inflamed eyes shone with an ugly light, and his breath came fast. His heavy jaw was set like a vise, and the sneer on his lips was terrifying to Miriam; she backed swiftly away from him as he approached her. Panic-stricken, she crouched behind the big platform rocker, trying to avoid him, but in spite of his drunken state he was too quick for her, and seized her roughly by the shoulder with one of his huge red hands. He yanked her to him and tried vainly to lift her head so that he might kiss her, but the sight of that ugly, leering, red face so close to hers, and the heat of his breath on her cheek stimulated her to a tremendous exertion of strength, and she tore away from him. In the struggle the table was upset, and went crashing down with a great noise.

"What's the matter?" cried Lem's voice weakly from the bedroom, where he had apparently been awakened by the noise.

Miriam, terrified lest her father be frightened into having another attack, plead vainly with Butch.

"Butch! Butch! Please don't! You'll frighten pa!"

"Oh I'll frighten pa, will I? Well, then, don't act t' fool so. C'm 'ere and kiss me like a good lil' girl. You're the one that's been to blame for the row, not me. C'mon now girlie, this time I'm goin' t' have that kiss!"

He seized her by the wrists, and pulled her toward him, while she tried vainly to wrench herself away from him, setting her teeth to keep from screaming, for she knew that screaming would frighten her father.

Suddenly the door flew open and Boris, after one amazed glance at the scene in front of him, caught up Lem's old wooden foot-stool and hit Butch a sounding blow which cracked on his head as though it, too, were wooden. Butch sat down abruptly, and his seat was the floor. His face was dazed and blank.

"Astronomy lesson," commented Boris as he slid him out of doors in this gravely ludicrous attitude, and closed and locked the door behind him.

Miriam sank down weakly.

"Oh Boris, I'm so glad you came!"

"Well, I hurried away from town as soon as I heard there was a hard cider party at Leason's. When I came by there and they were still whooping and singing, I couldn't help being worried."

There was a sound on the door of heavy pounding of thick fists, and muttered curses and imprecations. Boris shrugged his shoulders in disgust. Suddenly, as though he could contain himself no longer, he burst out:

"Miriam, I know it's none of my business—and I suppose if you want to marry that fellow, you know what you want—but, Lord! I could stand it better if it were any other chap in the neighborhood!"

Miriam gasped with a little sob.

"Why, Boris! Whatever made you think—"

"Great Scott! Miriam, it's been apparent enough. Why, the very first afternoon I was here your father told me how you and Butch had been sweethearts from childhood—and your actions and all—I thought you blushed when I mentioned him—and everyone in the neighborhood said you were engaged. And then he came to see you three and four evenings a week—or even more." He spoke with a tender fierceness.

So she told him as well as she could all about Butch and Claude and the cultivator and the evening "dates." She cried a little and then burnt up her tears in rage.

Boris looked at her thin, little figure.

"That being the case," said Boris briskly, "I want to know what the arrangements are for next year."

"What do you mean?" asked Miriam, her heart sinking. Was he going to leave, she wondered.

"I don't like this temporary arrangement, Miriam. I'm looking for a permanent job. Little boss—I love you! I want you to manage me for life. I've always been happy-go-lucky and no-count till I knew you, but the minute I saw you I knew you were the girl I wanted—and honey, the reason I've found myself in this job is because I've been doing it for you! A chap doesn't have much incentive to make good for himself—but when it comes to having a girl like you to work for—well!"

Boris put his hand under Miriam's chin, and tried gently to raise her

face so he could see into her eyes. The eyes finally met his, and what he saw in them made Boris Benton, farm hand, give a mighty laugh of joy, and gather the unresisting Miriam into his arms.

When Lemuel's weak voice calling to them had finally aroused them, they went together to his bed side.

"Mr. Curtis, I've got a life job as 'hand' on your place," Boris said. He was somewhat afraid as to the effect of this announcement on Lemuel, for he knew the old man had favored Butch's suit, and that he, Boris, could not compete with Butch for a prospective son-in-law in the matter of property.

"Yes, pa," said Miriam. "Boris and I are going to be married this winter."

Lem did not evince the slightest surprise. He lay there on the pillow, his deep-set grey eyes twinkling with the keenness of wit that circumstance could not kill.

"Y' think you're telling me somethin', don't you, you two?" said Lem. "Well, I may be a helpless old critter, but I wa'nt born yestiddy, and jes' to prove it to you look here at my plan for the new barn."

And he held up for their astonished inspection the sheet of paper which he had been amusing himself by drawing on that afternoon. It was a clumsy sketch of a big, hip-roofed barn, and on the front, just below the gable window were these words, printed in Lem's awkward hand,

MR. AND MRS. BORIS BENTON
PARDNERS.

THOUGHTS

I lie and listen to the rain drops
Hurling themselves against my window.
And I remember . . . . . .
When as a child I listened
To the same sweet sound
And wondered who had so wounded God
That He must weep so much.

—*Lois Murphy.*

RICH MAN, POOR MAN.

ESTHER M. BIGGS

Since I believe with Stevenson that every one sees the world in his own way, I shall be ever deeply grateful that I had to tip back my face at birth, and look up to my world, instead of peering over the side of a near-royal cradle and get only a bird's-eye view. The sky is above, and the rarest sunshine, and the purple glow on the mountain-tops; how tragic to be surrounded by so costly a world that one never could find time to glance away and see these. I am not envying the tragic little creature of the tenement, or pining for memories of a childhood spent in the gutter, but I do rejoice with the child of the middle class, and drink with her to those priceless pleasures which the child of the upper class can never fall heir to. If I were to live a thousand times, I would choose every time "to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at."

You who have hiked out upon the sunny road, away from town, on the first Saturday afternoons of the intoxicating Spring, swinging a basket of "eats" and pulling off your tam to let the sunshine glow down upon your head, have you envied those who sped past you in an automobile, and were gone from sight before you yet had reached the budding bush which you had been eagerly approaching in the roadway? They saw only the line of road ahead and the mile signs that guided them onward. Oh, they knew, perhaps, that the grass was greening in the fields, and that the sun cast a pleasant light that was good, somehow, to see again, over the whole countryside. But they could not examine the sap as it oozed from the dark trees, they could not watch the hens bustle across the roadway to the pile of leaves in the fence-corner and busily scatter them about with as evident an enjoyment in April weather as was your own; they could not feel their spirits lift more blithesomely with each foot of ground covered. NO! you did not envy them. I know by the way your step sprang, and your eyes shifted tirelessly from the hum of insect life at your feet to the white-billowed sky overhead, that you envied no man in the warm, wide world.

Nor need we stop with granting that you feel no envy. There is a real cause for rejoicing in a degree of poverty which keeps the sense of appreciation and of enjoyment more responsive to the circumstances of our lives. You cannot recall the favorite pastime that used to enchant away the long hours of a play-day without feeling an instant, if fleeting, desire to run quickly back into your little-girl self, and play it again for a while. In the years that have followed, I have never felt a purer delight than I used to feel out in the old dilapidated grape-arbor, when I sat with my sister at an old work-bench, and manufactured wonderful bottles of medicine. "Let's play medicine," was the signal for a day of perfect pleasure. We revelled in the array of colors, and vied with each other in making the widest assortment from our little box of paints. A bottle of beet-juice was the envy of the neighborhood, and every mother was straightway begged to cook beets for the very next dinner. Where would the children of Warwick Castle be permitted to keep their dry goods box medicine office, I wonder, and if they had permission, would their blinded eyes be

able to see the beauty in a bottle of beet-juice? To you and me, as children, peering through the great, barred gates before the castle, the rolling lawn and great shade-trees within would have seemed an elysian playground. To play that our dolls were princesses, moving about among gracious courtiers and fawning slaves (courtiers of bright leaves, no doubt, and slaves of bent twigs), and ruling their miniature kingdoms with a pretty grace—that would have been joy unspeakable for us. But for the children of Warwick Castle it would have been only humdrum life. Nothing fascinating about princesses, they themselves were that; and as for velvet lawns and spreading trees, the little misses were too busy scolding their nurses to find out that these things could be put to pleasurable advantage. Who knows but that their poor, dwarfed imaginations might have responded to beet-juice if its brightness had not been hidden behind such a profusion of more gorgeous possessions.

"And nothing," we read, "so heightens longing, as refusal." Every barrier which circumstance has set up about a desired object only enhances its lure. We look forward all through our youth to visiting, sometime, the cathedrals and castles of Europe, because we have not grown up among their walls, and when we have at last reached that summit of fortune which permits us to take the trip, every moment of it is enriched by the imagination and anticipation with which we have been enshrouding them through the years. To most individuals of the middle class all valued blessings come after such a period of longing, and because of it are thrice blessed. Even now, tho' the Lettie Lane Paper Doll Family has been boxed away in the attic for years, I can recall the wonder of the first uncut page of them that belonged to me. For weeks before that great day arrived, my sister and I had coveted and yearned over those that belonged to our playmates. No use to seek happiness, ever, if one could not own that marvelous family of dolls. We lay awake at night to plan out beautiful schemes by which some philanthropist would hear of our burning desire, and send two complete sets to our address. And when, at last, they began to come in, page by page, to be ecstatically divided between us, our grateful hearts crowned the donor with a halo which age will never dim. And from our present perspective we value those weeks of longing that forever endeared the dolls.

The saddest Christmas that I ever spent was not the one on which I received the least, but one on which I saw a child of the rich receive a whole fairyland of gifts. I was spending the winter in her home, and all during the Christmas season I had awakened and kept fervent the thrill of the phrase, "On Christmas morning." The simplest way in which I might relate the circumstances of one of my childhood Christmases at home, held her breathless attention, and she so shared my own recollections and feelings, that it was not strange that, as Christmas drew near, she was as normally excited as tho' her nursery were not already overflowing with more than she knew how to enjoy. I, too, was blind to the disillusionment that must inevitably come to her on the Great Day. We slept in the same room on Christmas Eve. Jane's little bed, that is, stood close to mine, but she was awake every two hours or so to ask me when she might get up, and, at last, I carried her across to my big bed, and delighted her excited little soul by whispering beneath the blankets, as she loved to hear me, telling how I always had done as a child. That whispered anticipation was the last of her happiness, for when we finally stole across in the shivery dawn to the room where she had so hopefully hung her little stockings, she found only—oh, do not shed too many tears for her—she

found richly dressed dolls and the gayest of picture books; the doll-carriage she thought she wanted was standing beside a miniature grand piano; she found a whole stuffed menagerie and the most beautiful set of China, but she found only what she was used to finding, toys no more elegant than she already possessed, and she had thought this would be different. Dear little Jane; I would like to give you one of my Christmasses some year; I would like you to draw a bag of candy from your stocking with a hand that trembled at the contact; I would like to have you own a dolly whose flaxen curls would twine themselves around your hungry heart. But you were born in Warwick Castle; you prefer chocolates to striped peppermints; you think that my dollies are ugly things because they have not silken gowns and feathered bonnets and the stamp of a French firm on their bodies. Perhaps they are ugly. But to me they are beautiful, and yours—silken gowns, feathered bonnets, French merchant's name and all—yours were never beautiful to you.

SMILING AT GRIEF

The world is full
Of innumerable instances
Of heroic cheerfulness.

That bird
Whose rightful heritage
Is measured by two continents
Now sits upon a six-inch perch
In a ten-inch cage,
And chirrups out such merry notes and trills
That little children laugh.

And we
Who do not know the heart of the bird
Smile, and say complacently
"Dicky's happy today."

—*Mildred Wiley.*

CHURCH AND I.

HELEN PARKINSON

For sixteen years I have entered the doors of the Presbyterian church every Sunday morning. I have added my voice loud and strong to everything in the way of hymns from *Holy, Holy, Holy,* to the catchy tune where one is implored to take the dear lambs by the hand and gather them into the fold. I have served at missionary teas; I have been in exercises, and nervously said my piece. I have performed all the duties that an elder's daughter should perform. Once I even promised our minister to teach a class of squirming, mischievous, wide-awake, little boys. This I did with very little success, however, for after I had beseeched them to remember now their Creator in the days of their youth, the superintendent brought up his august presence and shouted that he had been showered with small round portions of the Sunday school paper shot from their corner. I have done all this, but never until yesterday did I really go to church. Not that the fear of the Lord came upon me and I was born again, but yesterday as the organ sounded out the first long heavy notes, I thought back at the impressions I had had of church and realized that none were right.

My first conception of it was in the days of my youth. To me, church was a thing that caused my dolls to be bumped up the attic stairs to stay until Monday morning. Church was that which caused all grapevine hats to be scattered to the chickens and pecked full of holes. All my playthings were put away because of Sunday, and Sunday meant church. All the joy of wearing ruffles and pink sashes disappeared when all the little Parkinsons were marched up to the family pew. On one end sat father. On the other sat mother. In between were the youngsters, just as many as there was room for. It generally fell to my lot to escort my younger sister to the seat just in front. So we were when the doxology sounded. So we were when church began. Up until the time when the minister announced, "My text for this morning is . . . . ," we amused ourselves with adjusting our hats, finding our pocketbooks, and trying on mother's gloves. When he was well into his sermon, it was time to unfold our handkerchiefs and begin rolling up rats and showing the baby how to make two babies in a hammock. But all the time, I was conscious of the bald-headed elder behind. It was great to play games with hymn numbers. This, however, involved great danger. Always in the most whispering part, father's thumb came whacking down on my head. Invariably it came. The danger lay in the uncertainty as to the exact moment the blow would descend. After this interruption, church was merely a period of confinement which one must go through before partaking of Sunday dinner. It was during this period that we could speak with respect of oat-meal and prunes, and wish that we had eaten just a little bit more for breakfast. But at last it came . . . . I mean the hymn which is the next thing to Sunday dinner, and we stood and sang just a little bit faster than the audience, thinking perhaps they might be induced to finish sooner. And so it was, as I departed from the synagogue, I thought that church was an enemy of all playthings . . . . that church was waiting for food, that church was a bore, perforce to be endured.

I formed my next impression when we were building. Then all good

Presbyterians worshipped in the Opera House. Strange was the feeling when sitting in the same seat we could for six days see movies plus vaudeville, and on the seventh praise the Lord. Therefore, we walked in, sat down in a back seat, and heard the orchestra playing. Suddenly the curtain shot up and in pranced the minister, followed by a bevy of ladies dressed in white. The orchestra stopped. Unconsciously we would get ready to grab our hats, to see the lights switched off, and to look at the latest New York act. Occasionally some traveling man would walk up to the window and want to buy a ticket to the show. The whole atmosphere had changed. I think the minister himself felt the spirit and made all of his sermons light. The choir appeared to be ready to prance off the stage at any minute. When we finally left, once more to hold services in the church, I didn't know just how I did feel about church. It certainly wasn't as much fun as the movies, but I did have a pretty good time.

But we were destined to go through another stage before we could go into the main part of the church. We worshipped in the basement. There we were enclosed with cold gray walls, cement floors, obstructing posts, out-of-tune piano, and noisy choir. It was in this service that I developed an interest in noting the style of bows on the ladies' hats. I learned, too, that eighty-five per cent of the congregation wore feathers that winter. In the middle of the sermon I found myself thinking of the "line-party" of the night before, of the number of yards of material I should have to get for my new skirt, of my finger nails that could use a manicure. I was disgusted with myself and made myself disgusting to other people.

Yesterday, though, I really went to church. The sun shone in through the stained windows and cast shadows on the flowers down in front. Folks walked on thick, heavy rugs. The organ poured out the prelude in great full chords. From far away, the choir sang. The minister caught the spirit and talked from his very heart. All the congregation was happy, and at peace with the world. I loved the little bonnet on the old lady to my left. That church service made me thankful for wind and health and flowers and music and things! It made me love everything. Yes, yesterday I went to church for the first time in my life.

YOUTH

FLOYD BRENNER

She was young when I first saw her, but neat and trim as very cleanliness itself. Her face was of that doll-like type, round and soft, and I might say—sweet. With lips of that more delicate shade of crimson which bespeaks vibrating life, she smiled up at me, her eyes lending in their blueness that contrast so essential to rare color. She was lying, half-cuddled, half-alert in the green of the lawn with the picket fence of the rural yard a few feet behind her. As I approached, she turned toward me, stirring, as she did so, pudgy small limbs with dainty feet, and slowly lifted a body both lithe and strong. I greeted her. She winked—not one, but both blue eyes, and moving two tiny tufted ears, turned and left me—the catty thing!

THE CHALLENGE

How often have you flourished in young pride
The blazing banner of your high ideals
Your firm belief in human fortitude
Which could, you said, defy the wind and flame;
Emerging thence triumphant.

The soul, you said, could grow
Through service, though the path be sharp with thorns;
And life was meant to be lived gallantly
Though pain should shadow all.

Those words which came so boldly to your lips
Fulfill them now! Are they not meant for you?
Great is the challenge! to but few is given
Such a supreme test of their honesty.

The soul-stuff will be torn but not destroyed
If you accept the gauntlet. Grasp it then,—
And, head up, plunge! In His hands be the end.

—*Mildred Wiley.*

EVENTIDE.

Dusk thickens, and from pastures far
Come the faint tinklings of the cropping sheep.
The wind is gentle. From the shadowy grove
A mother bluebird calls her nestlings home.
The garish day is passing, all the hurt
Has softened into sudden harmony.

Oh for the quiet of life's eventide
When passion's heat is cooled, and weary Pain
Smiles her last wistful smile, and vanishes,
When the immortal Self, once crucified with tears
Appears transfigured, though with mangled hands,
And in calm retrospect surveys the ebbing day.

—*Mildred Wiley.*

FOOTBALL 1920-21

JOHN MacWHERTER
Captain

VARSITY FOOTBALL 1920

RUSSELL WARD
Captain-Elect

THE TEAM

Gill, Ping	Left End
Ward, Schroll, Johnstone	Left Tackle
Sutherd, Mayes	Left Guard
Patton, Reeves	Center
Reedy, Weilepp	Right Guard
Goltra, Kinkade	Right Tackle
Sollars, Diehl	Right End
MacWherter, Abrams	Quarter
Wallace, Lipe	Left Halfback
Hamilton, Rodgers	Right Halfback
Abrams, Hartman	Fullback
McClelland	Manager

SCORES FOR 1920.

Oct. 2	Millikin	20		St. Viators	0
Oct. 9	"	107		Normal U.	0
Oct. 16	"	41		Bradley	14
Oct. 23	"	7		Augustana	0
Oct. 30	"	34		Eureka	0
Nov. 6	"	28		Shurtleff	0
Nov. 13	"	41		Wesleyan	6
Nov. 20	"	40		Ill. College	3
Nov. 25	"	158		Ind. Normal	6

JOHN MacWHERTER, Captain — Quarter

Johnnie held down the pilot position in big league fashion. A master field-general, sure tackler and consistent ground gainer, marked him as the best quarterback in the conference, and will be hard to replace. He proved a genuine leader of the team and unquestionably earned himself a place among the famous Millikin athletes. Weight, 145.

RALPH GOLTRA — Right Tackle

An all-state tackle for three years, and a tower of strength in the line. "Fat" proved too much for any man who opposed him this year. When only six inches were needed for a touchdown, he could be depended upon to open the hole. Weight, 198.

EUGENE SUTHERD — Left Guard

"Fuzz" came back to Millikin after a lapse of two years and landed himself a berth on the all-state team for the third time. Breaking up punts was his favorite pastime, while his "strong suit" was defensive work. Weight, 175.

RUSSELL WARD, Captain-Elect — Left Tackle

"Rut" made his third year his best; his fast, aggressive playing caused him to be feared by all who opposed him. He always opened a big hole, was a sure tackler, and many well-directed punts fell victim to his long arms. Weight, 170.

WAYNE GILL — Left End

"Hank's" height and reach caused his arms to be the final resting place of many forward passes. He was always to be feared on offense and dependable on defense. Weight, 180.

CHARLES PATTEN — Center

Although it was his first year on the Blue and White, Patten filled the pivot position in regular style. He played a heady, offensive game, and with plenty of weight and speed, he was able to break up many plays. Injuries in the latter part of the season barred him from a number of the games. Weight, 170.

LAWRENCE HAMILTON — Right Halfback

"Ham" was another selection for the all-state team. Bucking the line was the feature of his playing; always good for five to twenty-five yards. Fast on end runs and open field work. No opponent got past "Ham" on defensive work. Weight, 160.

CECIL ABRAMS — Fullback

As a defensive player none outshown "Abie." He had a snap and dash in his playing which marked him a power on offense and his ability at judging plays enabled him to always be in front of an opponent's attack. Weight, 150.

ORVAL DIEHL — End

Diehl was an aggressive player who sized up plays quickly, was down fast under punts, and a sure tackler. On offensive, he could be depended upon to open a hole or box in his opponents. Weight, 155.

EMMETT REEDY — Right Guard

Even though it was his first year on the team, he proved a terror to his opponents. In him, Millikin had a fearless player; opening a hole on offense, down fast under punts, and piling up the line on defense. Weight, 170.

EUGENE SOLLARS — Right End

"Jack's" punting was the feature of the conference, outdistancing all opponents. He played a heady and dashing game, being always a terror to opposing teams. Weight, 160.

EUGENE WALLACE — Left Halfback

Wallace, a first year man, was a sensational, open-field runner and a wonderful forward passer. He annexed many yards by these two methods. His running back punts were spectacular work. Weight, 155.

CORDON LIPE — Halfback

An exceptionally good man at the forward passing game, a good kicker, and a sure tackler. Lipe hits the line hard and works interference in fine shape. Next year he should be in his prime. Weight, 160.

HARRIS MAYES — Guard and Tackle

Mayes played a powerful game in the line, showing special strength on defense. He opened up nice holes on offense and was a sure tackler. Weight, 190.

LESTER SCHROLL — Guard

Playing his first year on the team, he showed unusual ability at guard. A heady, aggressive player on offense and a hard tackler on defense. Weight, 170.

HUGH KINKADE — Tackle

Kinkade is another Freshman who showed unusual ability and strength in the line. Strong on defense, and plenty of driving force on offense. Great things may be expected of him next year. Weight, 175.

PAUL WEILEPP — Guard

His strength was a feature in blocking up the line on defense. Weilepp broke through the line and threw his opponents for many losses. Weight, 165.

Other players who must not be forgotten when considering the men who were concerned in the making of the team are: Rodgers, Ping, Johnstone, Hartman, Reeves, Wilson, Weaver, Stanton, Payson, Telling, Henry, and Nelson. While the Varsity was receiving the support of the student body with cheers and encouragement, the scrubs were out there putting their best into the game, and never hearing a word of cheer or good wishes, to soothe their bruises and aching limbs.

Let's all get together in expressing our appreciation for the excellent work they did, and in wishing them a place on the Varsity next year.

I. I. A. C. CHAMPIONS, 1920

With a nucleus of six letter men, a half dozen of last year's reserves and a host of new material, Coach Wann set to work with a determination to turn out another team worthy of being champions. In the three weeks which preceded the opening game, Wann sent his charges through many hours of gruelling practice. With every practice the team looked better and as the opening game with St. Viators grew near, the Blue and White machine showed the results of Wann's ability to instill fight and determination into his men.

St. Viators were the first to invade our camp. Although they were heralded as a great team, Millikin came out the victors, 20 to 0.

On the following Saturday the weak Normal U. team was hopelessly outclassed. Next came Bradley, still retaining some of the sting they suffered a year ago, and determined to avenge the defeat, but all to no avail, for the big Blue and White machine had hit its stride and would not be stopped, as was evidenced the next week, October 23rd, when the powerful Augustana team was defeated 7 to 0. This was the only close game during the season, and it took the combined effort of every man to keep the score on the right side.

Eureka, Shurtleff and Wesleyan were all easily defeated in the three following weeks.

November 20th brought us face to face with Illinois College for the championship tilt. Illinois College had been waiting all year to get another chance at Millikin, after losing the championship game to the Blue and White school by a close margin the previous year. However, Wann's men had no difficulty in capturing the shield as the top-heavy score of 40 to 3 will indicate.

This gives Millikin the football championship of the I. I. A. C. three years in succession, and prospects point toward another successful season in 1921.

BASKETBALL, 1920-21

VARSITY

Gill, Captain	Center
Wallace	Center
Bailey	Guard
Lipe	Guard
Hizer	Forward
Curl	Forward
Goltra	Guard and Center
Berry	Guard
Hays	Forward

SECOND TEAM

Barnes	Center
Griswold	Forward
Shaw	Forward
Thornton	Guard
Wilson	Guard

SCORES FOR THE SEASON

TEAMS	WHERE PLAYED	MILLIKIN	OPPONENTS
New York Nationals	Decatur	46	13
U. of Illinois	Urbana	29	24
Sparks Business College	Shelbyville	38	11
Charleston Normal	Charleston	40	18
Clinton Y. M. C. A.	Clinton	44	22
U. of Iowa	Decatur	24	22
Wabash	Decatur	24	48
U. of Illinois	Decatur	21	26
U. of Chicago	Chicago	7	37
Beloit	Decatur	24	21
Wabash	Crawfordsville	16	39
Ill. Wesleyan U.	Bloomington	29	25
Beloit	Beloit	28	9
Knox	Decatur	23	14
State Normal	Normal	21	9
Illinois College	Decatur	26	17
Ill. Wesleyan U.	Decatur	21	16
Knox	Galesburg	18	31
Armour Tech.	Decatur	8	12
State Normal	Decatur	27	21
TOURNAMENT			
State Normal	Decatur	33	25
St. Viators	Decatur	24	14
Ill. Wesleyan U.	Decatur	21	13
Monmouth	Decatur	21	11

1921 CHAMPIONS

The basketball season of 1920-21 has gone down in history as a "hard luck" season, not from the standpoint of the season's record, for that has been an enviable one, but rather in regard to accidents and eligibility of the personnel of the basketeers.

With Captain Gill, Bailey and Poscover of last year's champions back, and an over-supply of new material to begin with, Wann had no trouble in lining up a winning combination which took the measure of the University of Illinois to the tune of 29 to 24, and the University of Iowa 24 to 22. Then the hammer struck its first blow and Poscover was declared ineligible for the remainder of the semester.

This ruling destroyed the morale of the team for a time, and while in this condition they were royally laced by the University of Chicago, 37 to 7. Millikin also suffered defeat at the hands of Wabash, Armour Institute and in the second game with Illinois.

The sting of defeat did not hurt so much when it is considered that our conquerors won national reputation as basketball players during the year.

Then came the second blow of the hammer, and Captain Gill suffered a compound fracture of his right arm, causing him to retire for the remainder of the season. With Gill out, hopes for a championship team were very much dampened, but necessity was the mother of invention again, and Wann worked out a combination which continued to win over its I. I. A. C. competitors.

Millikin entered the I. I. A. C. tournament held in the Millikin gym March 3rd, 4th, and 5th, with only the most optimistic expecting the Blue and White to place among the first four teams. But with spirit and fight so characteristic of Millikin teams, the team entered the classic determined to come out winners, with which accomplishment they so nobly covered themselves and Millikin with glory. Acting Captain Bailey and his men blazed their way to the championship by defeating State Normal, St. Viators, Wesleyan, and Monmouth.

Three Millikin men were selected for the all-conference team, these being Bailey, Lipe and Hizer.

None of this championship team will be lost through graduation this year, so it is not too much to expect a high class team again next season.

WAYNE GILL, Captain — Center

Gill spread terror into the hearts of the opponents when he faced them on the floor. Tall, agile, and with a keen eye for the basket, "Hank" has earned a place on the all-state team three years in succession. Gill was prevented from finishing the "21" season because of a broken arm suffered in the Beloit game. Nevertheless, he has enjoyed a brilliant career as a tosser in I. I. A. C. circles.

PAUL BAILEY — Guard

If there were any plays to be broken up, Bailey was always in the thick of the fray. He was fast, a good dribbler, quick to judge a play, and always following the ball. Paul was selected for the all-state team again this year. His work in the state tournament was decidedly on a plane by itself.

FLOYD CURL — Forward

Although this was his first year on the team, Curl was recognized as one of the fastest forwards in the conference. With a good eye for the basket, and ability to follow the ball closely, he proved a dangerous man. He was a necessary link in Millikin's airtight defense.

HUGH HIZER Forward

"Mike" was another Freshman who made good in I. I. A. C. competition. He was an expert dribbler, fast, and could drop them through the loop from any angle. He was selected as all-conference forward.

CORDON LIPE Guard

"Cord" broke into conference competition with unquestioned success. His guarding was fast, and his long shots added many points in the score-book. He proved an able running mate with Bailey and earned a berth on the all-conference team.

EUGENE WALLACE Center

Wallace held down the pivot position in great style. He outjumped most of his opponents and played the floor in a fast and aggressive manner. He was always dropping a counter through the hoop from a difficult angle when counters were most needed.

CLAUDE BERRY — Guard

Berry played the back guard position in wonderful fashion and his weight and knowledge of the game aided him in breaking up many well formed, aggressive attacks. He should make a valuable man next year.

RALPH GOLTRA — Center and Guard

"Fat's" size and weight provcd its worth to him in guarding, but in spite of it he was a good jumper. Ralph played an equally good game at either guard or center. He will be a decided loss to the team next year.

JOHN HAYS — Forward

"Small, but mighty" is the expression that fits Johnnie. He was fast and didn't know when to stop fighting. Hays showed his real worth during the tournament when he turned the tide in the Wesleyan game. Big things in the future may be expected from him.

VARSITY BASEBALL, 1920

LINEUP

Ping	Catcher
Pfeffer, Schroll, Roberts	Pitcher
Gill, Poscover	First Base
Weigand, Roberts	Second Base
MacWherter	Third Base
Johnson	Shortstop
Cross	Left Field
Holmes	Center Field
Henry, Sollars	Right Field

1920 BASEBALL SCORES

	DATE	TEAMS	MILLIKIN	OPPONENTS
April	24	Charleston at Charleston	3	4
April	29	Lincoln at Decatur	3	5
May	1	St. Viators at Bourbonais	0	20
May	5	Charleston at Decatur	13	4
May	10	Eureka at Eureka	13	4
May	11	Bradley at Peoria	1	19
May	13	St. Viators at Decatur	Rain	
May	19	Wesleyan at Decatur	7	14
May	24	Wesleyan at Bloomington	9	2
May	25	Eureka at Decatur	2	3
May	28	Lincoln at Lincoln	Rain	
June	5	Bradley at Decatur	4	7

LEO JOHNSON, Captain — Shortstop

Leo was the sensation on the diamond. He led the team in batting, and was among the highest in fielding percentage. He could bunt, or hit home-runs with remarkable ability. Speed was Leo's great asset.

CARL CROSS — Left Field

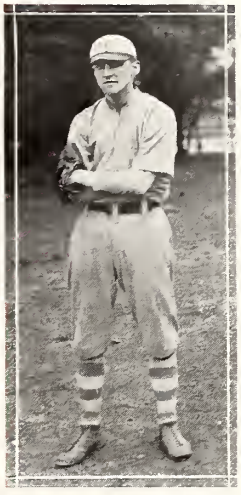
In his last year, Carl showed up at his best; he was a heavy hitter as well as a fast man when on bases. A large percentage of the long ones into left field fell into his glove.

JOHN MacWHERTER — Third Base

Johnnie cleaned up everything that came down the third sack line. He was fast, shifty, and knew the game thoroughly. He was a hard hitter, and a good base runner.

DONALD PING, Captain-elect — Catcher

"Don" proved to be among the best catchers in the conference. He was full of pep and instilled it into the team. Ping knows the game thoroughly, and his fighting qualities will make him a good leader of the 1921 team.



HERMAN PFEFFER — Pitcher

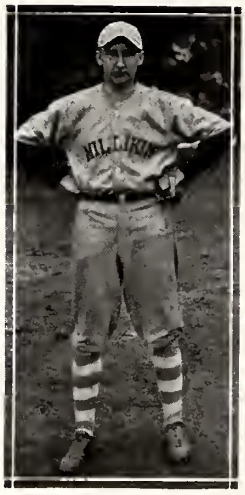
Pfeffer was a high class twirler, but the breaks of the game were against him in a number of the contests, and although he was the loser, his pitching warranted a different score. His coolness and headwork helped him out of many a tight place.

WAYNE GILL — First Base

On the initial bag "Hank" performed in veteran fashion. He was a good hitter, and fielded all chances cleanly.

LESTER SCHROLL — Pitcher and Fielder

"Les" handled the dual job of fielding and pitching alternately. On the mound he was cool, and pitched with excellent control. He was a heavy hitter, and a clean fielder.



HOWARD WEIGAND — Second Base

"Biddy" performed around the key-stone bag, covering lots of ground, and gathering up many hot grounders. He was full of life and pep and kept injecting it into the team.

LEE ROBERTS — Field

Roberts covered the center portion of the field, pulling down long ones with accuracy and returning them quickly. He also took his turn at second base in a number of games. His hitting and base running were especially good.

THE 1920 BASEBALL SEASON

While the 1920 season will not go down in history as one of the brightest spots among the seasons which have brought glory and honor to Millikin, yet we were represented by a scrappy, hard-working bunch of fighters who were trying to overcome the handicap of going through the season without a "Christy Mathewson" or "Walter Johnson" to perform on the mound. Nevertheless, much credit must be given Pfeffer and Schroll for the high class work they did in twirling. A number of the games lost were heartbreakers and but for the occurence of a fluke or two ,the score would have been reversed.

Among those defeated by Millikin were Charleston, Eureka, and Wesleyan, while Bradley and St. Viators administered a real lacing to the Blue and White.

The infield developed into a fast, snappy quartet which handled the ball smoothly and cleverly, while the outfield was capable of taking care of the long, hard ones.

Captain Johnson led the nine with the stick, securing a percentage of over 300. Cross also batted over the 300 mark.

The outlook for the coming season is much better, with the exception of the pitching staff, and Coach Wann is still in a quandary as to what to do about this position.

TRACK, 1920

MILLIKIN-KNOX DUAL, MAY 15.

EVENT	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	RECORD
100 yd. dash	Rhind K	Bridge K	Bailey M	:10.2-5
High hurdles	Miller M	Prichard K	Lombard K	:17.4-5
Mile	Diehl M	Smith K	Mattax K	5:18
Shot put	Dougherty K	Fawcett M	Bailey M	34′
Pole vault	Higgasion K	Miller M	Wamburg K	11′
Low hurdles	Schwartz K	Miller M	Prichard K	:14.1-5
440 yd. dash	Rhind K	Ash M	Johnson K	:52.4-5
Discus	Bailey M	Poscover M	Lambe K	109′8
220 yd. dash	Lange K	Hoover K	Bailey M	:24.3-5
Half-mile	Diehl M	Pierce K	Rhind K	2:09.4-5
Javelin	Millison K	Anderson M	Miller M	153′1½
High jump	Cogdal M	Wamburg K	Lange K	5′7
Broad jump	Schwartz K	Dougherty K	Miller M	22′4
Relay	Knox	Millikin		

Score: Knox, 74; Millikin, 51.

State Meet, Peoria, May 22nd, 1920

EVENT	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.	RECORD
100 yd. dash	Bridgeport K	Carrier E	Rhinde K	Brown N	:10.2-5
120 yd. hurd.	Thomlins'n I	Zager N	Miller M	Farell I	:16
1-mile run	Blauvelt E	Spaun N	Diehl M	Crouch I	4:45
Shot put	Owsley L.F.	Wiedman N	March S	Burrus I.N.	40′
220 yd. dash	Brown N	Hoover K	Bailey M	Leigh K	:23.2-5
Half-mile run	Eades E	Douglas Mo	Abraham N	Jones N	2:7.4-5
High jump	Cogdal M	Wamburg K	Lyons K	Clark B Dennis E	5′8.1-8
Pole vault	Gill M Wamburg K		Thurman I	Gehrig B Rehg E Miller M	10′6
2-mile run	Torryson H	Spoug N	Blauvelt E	Sagar W	10:45.4-5
220 yd. hurd.	Thomlins'n I	Zager N	Cully I	Hartman H	:26.3-5
Discus hurl	March S	Axline Mo	Haufman W	Mellon I	127′4
Broad jump	Johnson M	Sward K	Cully I	Carrier E	21′10½
Javelin	Kirby E	Therke I	Mellison K	Anderson M	156′
440 yd. dash	Eades E	Rhinde K	Hause L.F.	Mutch I	:52.2-5
Mile relay	Knox	Hedding	Millikin	Illinois Col.	3:39

Score: Knox, 33; Eureka, 26 5/6; Ill. College, 25; Northwestern, 24; Millikin, 23 1/3; Hedding, 9; Lake Forrest, 7; Shurtleff, 7; Monmouth, 6; Ill. Normal, 1; Wheaton, 2; Bradley, 5/6.

THE 1920 TRACK SEASON

The 1920 track season did not prove to be as successful for Millikin as was generally hoped for earlier in the year. With a wealth of material on hand, track prospects were very bright, but likewise, other I. I. A. C. colleges produced a large number of good track men, causing the 1920 season to be the best year in the history of the conference.

In the dual meet with Knox, May 15th, which was held at Galesburg, the Blue and White chances were dampened greatly by the inability of Johnson and Gill to accompany the team. Nevertheless, Millikin hotly contested every point of the meet, emerging on the small end of a 51-74 score.

The I. I. A. C. meet was held in Peoria the following Saturday, and never was competition keener in the conference meet. With the first five teams within nine points of the winners, it was a desperate struggle for every point. Cogdal, captain-elect, Johnson and Gill were the only Millikin men to win firsts. Captain Bailey, Miller, Diehl, and Anderson added points by winning seconds and thirds, giving Millikin a total of 23 1/3 points. However, additional honors were brought to the Blue and White by Cogdal, who set a new conference record in the high jump, clearing the bar at 5 ft. 8 1/8 ins.

Prospects for the 1921 season are not very encouraging to the followers of the cinder path, for with only five letter men back as a nucleus to build the team around, it will be necessary to whip a lot of unknown material into shape. Fortunately there is plenty of that material from which to select a team, and we are believing that a number of these recruits will develop into championship performers. Weaver, Curl, South, Smith, Kinkade, and Wallace are the most promising of these beginners.

PAUL BAILEY, Captain

Bailey was an inspiration to the team, and by his own untiring efforts in winning points for Millikin, proved an ideal leader. In the Knox meet, he annexed points in the discus, 220 and shot put, and in the state meet, 2nd place in the 220 yard dash. He did his lap in the relay in exceptionally fast time.

LEO JOHNSON

Although small in size, Johnson was a wonderful broad jumper; easily taking first place in that event in the state meet. This is only his third year of conference competition, and with another year, he should win new laurels.

FORREST G. WISE

This was Wise's last year in track, and he proved unusually strong in the 440. He won his lap of the relay in the state meet by a good margin.

JOE COGDAL, Captain-elect

Joe could always be relied upon to take first place in the high jump. He also annexed points in the broad jump. Joe set a new conference record in the high jump at the state meet last spring. He went over the bar at 5 ft. 8 1/8 ins. He will make a natural leader for the 1921 team.

ORVAL DIEHL

Diehl proved the mainstay in the distance events, taking first place both in the 880 and mile in the Knox dual. He also won points at the state meet.

RALPH MILLER

Miller appeared as the all-around track man, winning points in both hurdles, pole vault, broad jump and high jump. It will be a difficult job to fill his place on the 1921 team.

WAYNE GILL

Gill has no peer in the I. I. A. C. when it comes to pole vaulting, for he holds the conference record in the "aerial" event. Due to a bad wind, he was compelled to divide first honors at the state meet with Wamburg, of Knox.

KARL MADDEN

When it came to his lap in the relay, no one showed their heels to Karl. He will be missed in the relay next year.

OSCAR ANDERSON

Anderson could be depended upon to win some points when it came to spearing the air with a javelin. He took second place in the Knox dual, and fourth at the state meet.

DONALD BETHEL

In his first year Don showed up strong in the distance grinds. He was a steady runner and finished well up among the winners.

GLEN ASH

In the quarter Ash caused considerable worry among his competitors. He annexed a third in the Knox dual, and ran in the relay at the state meet, helping his team take third place.

JOHN RODGERS

Rodgers proved a good running mate for Bailey in the dashes. He won points in the dual meets, and with another year, should show up strong.

HUBERT MANNING

ROBERT SANDERS

HALVOR LEEK
CAPTAIN

ROGER PRATT

CHARLES DEETZ

PROF. RISLEY

PROF. RISLEY

TENNIS, 1920

With the opening of the tennis season a large number of men tried out for the Varsity and Coach Risley was greatly aided in developing the team by this keen competition. Captain Leek, Sanders, Deetz, Manning, and Pratt showed up best in the singles, while Sanders and Leek made a formidable combination in the doubles.

Lincoln was our first victim, Millinkin winning four of the five matches. Next came the University of Illinois, who were too much for the Blue and White, taking their measure in all singles and doubles. Two meets were played with Wesleyan, in which Millikin won all singles matches and all but one of the doubles. On May 15th the team journeyed to Knox, defeating them in two of the three single matches and divided the doubles equally.

In the I. I. A. C. meet at Peoria May 21st, Sanders went to the semi-finals of the singles, while Captain Leek and Deetz went to the semi-finals of the doubles. Prof. Risley won second place in the faculty division.

GOLF

Prof. Risley was defeated by Coach Muhl of Wesleyan in the finals of faculty golf at the I. I. A. C. meet at Peoria.

HAROLD SAMPSON
Cheer Leader

TAU KAPPA EPSILON BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing (left to right): Ruth Stone, Katharina Hilti, Sarah Jane Dunston, Helen Parkinson, Capt., Thelma Scott.

Sitting (left to right): Thelma Deetz, Margaret Kincaid, June Davidson.

KAPPA DELTA CHI BASKETBALL TEAM.

Standing (left to right): Helen Richardson, Irma Gerdes, Leitha Schroll, Idelia Davis, Gladys Sanders, Capt., Helen Duncan.

Sitting (left to right): Helen States, Faye Coffey, Anna Barth, Ruth Baumgarten, Norma Brown.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON TEAM

Standing (left to right): Georgiana Schaub, Florence Warfield, Ruth Shuman, Ella Grimsley, Helen Jones, Helen Lobenstein.

Sitting (left to right): Dorothy Davis, Miriam Lee, Capt., Irene Shepherd, Emma Bates Robbins.

DELTA SIGMA PHI TEAM.

Standing (left to right): Mary Ada Chapin, Sara Dobson, Edna Rybolt, Mildred Lingle, Camille Barnett, Helen Craw, Helen Gorham.

Sitting (left to right): Christine Busbey, Helen Jacobs, Frances Dunn, Lucile Brown, Capt.

BINGO BASKETBALL TEAM.

Standing (left to right): Gladys Sanders, Camille Barnett, Helen Parkinson, Capt., Sara Dobson.

Sitting (left to right): Miriam Lee, June Davidson, Emma Bates Robbins

BANGO—CHAMPION TEAM.

Standing (left to right): Irma Gerdes, Idelia Davis, Capt., Anna Barth.

Sitting (left to right): Helen Gorham, Lucile Brown, Ruth Baumgarten.

Not in Picture: Valerian McDonald Harrison.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC LEAGUE

President	Camille Barnett
Vice President	Dorothy Davis
Secretary	Gladys Sanders
Treasurer	Irma Gerdes
Girls' Athletic Manager	Lucile Brown
Asst. Athletic Manager	Helen Parkinson

At last! Athletics for women has a real foothold at Millikin, thanks to the faithful persistence of the Women's Athletic League. We started out at the very beginning of the year and have been going ever since. The first sport of the year was soccer football, and there were about thirty girls who participated. Next, was basketball, the favorite sport of Millikin women. We had a real tournament this year, about fifty girls taking part. An intramural tennis tournament was held. The winners and best players were chosen on the intercollegiate team to play in the intercollegiate tournament which was held at Millikin May 22 and 23. We have the start that we have always wanted, now watch us make athletics for women a permanent thing at Millikin.

The scores of the basketball tournament games are as follows:

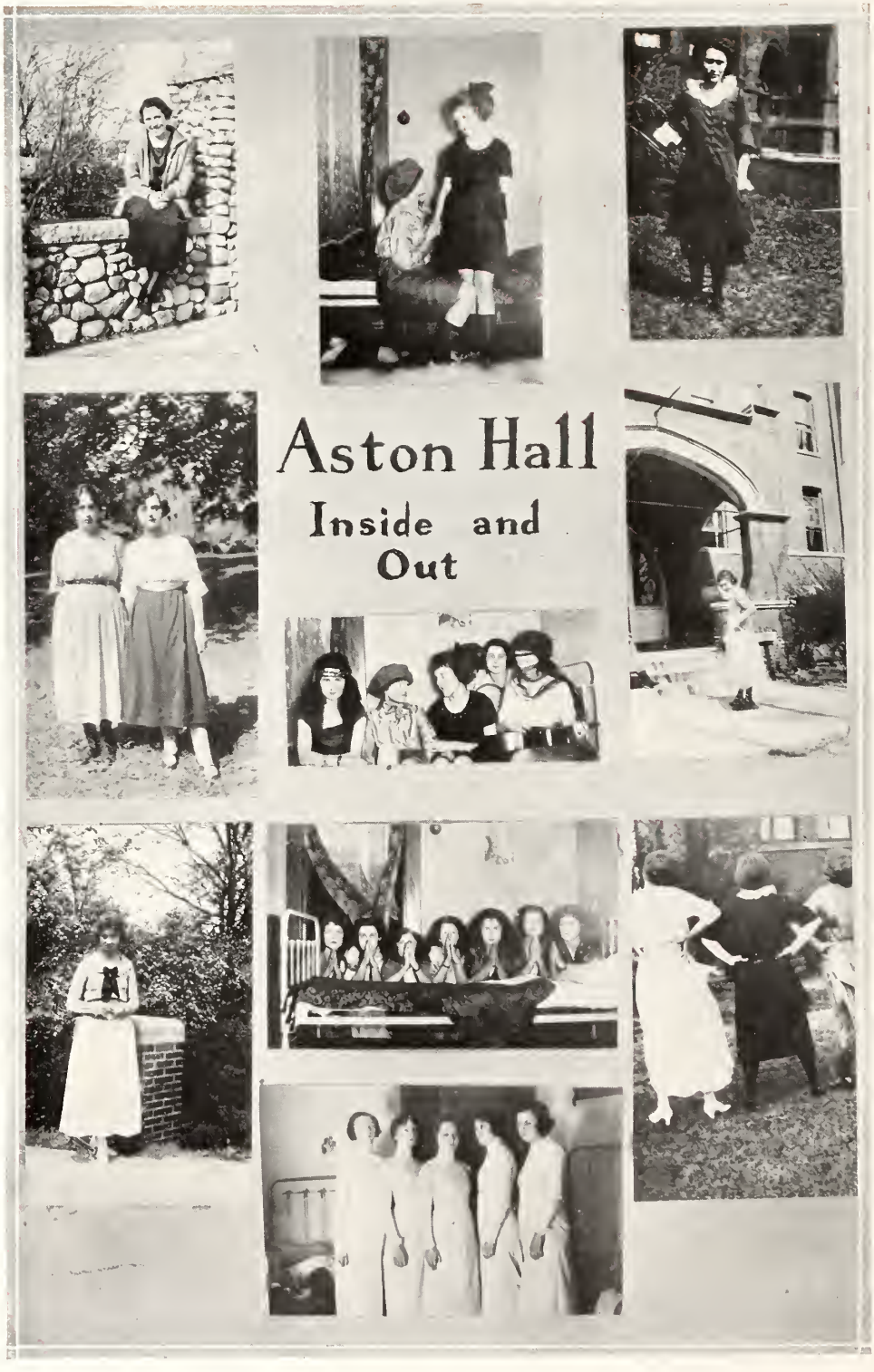
ΤΚΕ	45	ΣΔΕ	21	ΤΚΕ	20		
ΣΔΕ	13	TUCK	9	TUCK	10		
						Bingo	11
ΚΔΧ	14	ΤΚΕ	20	ΚΔΧ	23	Bango	28
TUCK	8	ΚΔΧ	12	ΣΔΕ	3		

GYMNASIUM CLASS

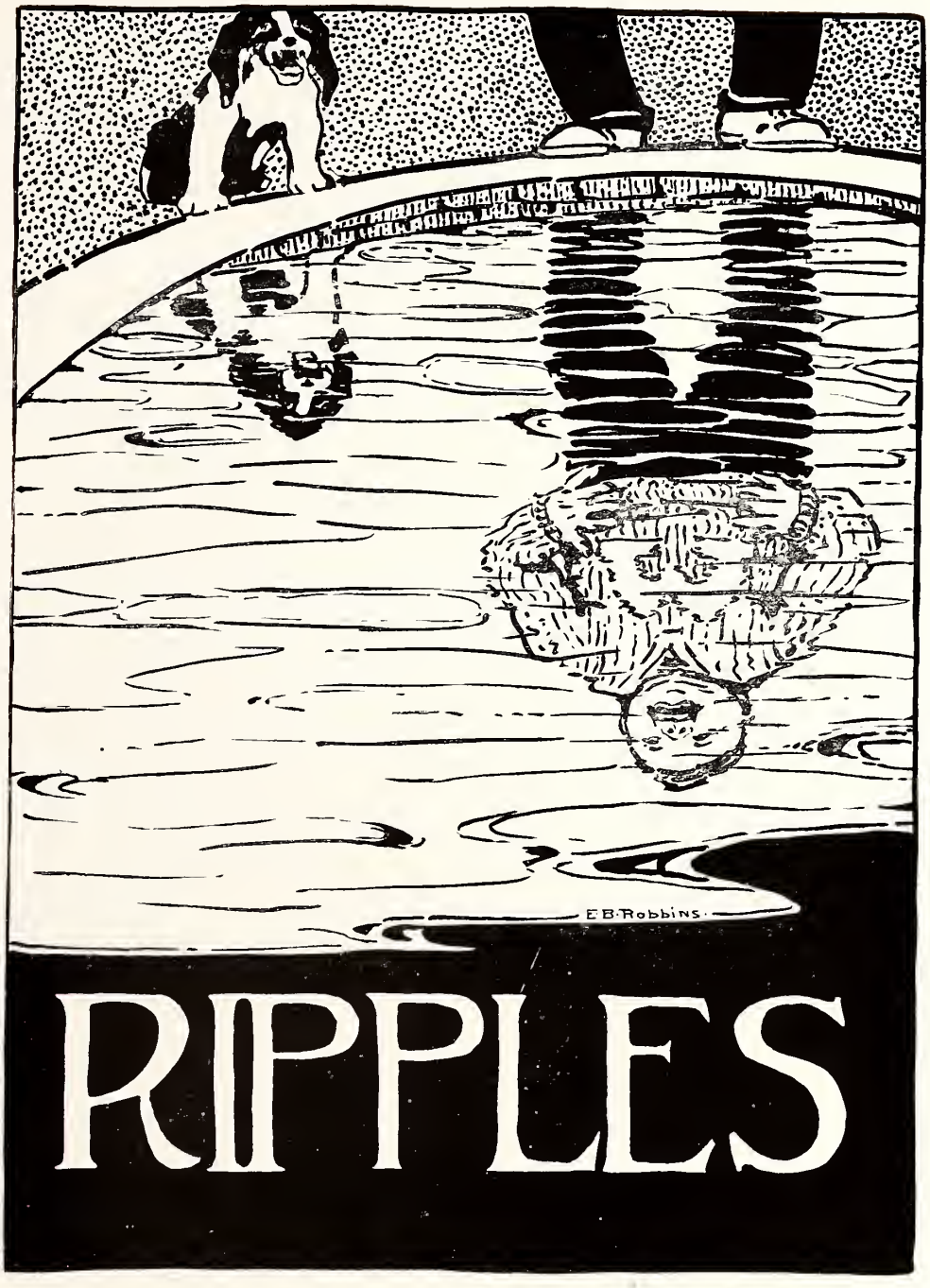
After the tournament two all star teams were chosen, and on February 25th the Bangos and Bingos met in a great battle on the Millikin gym floor. The Bingos met with a sad defeat. They scored only 11 points to the Bango's 28.

Between halves, Idelia Davis and Rebecca Ditto gave a Dutch dance. Erna Pritchett, Ruth Carter and Christine Busby showed their skill at the swinging of the Indian Clubs, and the two Deetz "children," dressed as the Gold Dust Twins, gave a very clever dance.

If everyone will take the interest in athletics that they have taken this year, there is no reason why women's athletics cannot be a permanent factor at J. M. U.


Aston Hall
Inside and
Out

Gangs


E B Robbins
RIPPLES

The ?

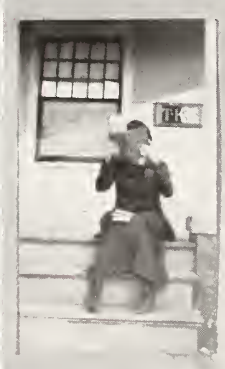
1-2-3- Go

The Vamp

You can't counteract it

Surveyoresses

Paint Gang



Morning Study
M.L.

Boys will be boys

His Chosen
Occupation

Well. The 13th. First registration day, if I remember rightly. Believe I'll look in my scrap book. Yes. Here's the time table proving I left home. Fraternity men gang up. No other pins visible.

Sept. 14—Second registration day. Everybody seems glad to see everybody else. Sorta glad to be back here myself. Had a conference with Mr. Casey. He changed my mind about my program. How about you?

Sept. 15—Classes begin and a department for lost or strayed Freshmen is established. Freshman Commission of the Y. W. C. A. stages a walk-out for girls. The walk ends in Fairview with long slices of juicy, drippy watermelon, etc.

Sept. 16—At last we know what the Tuck (howdyespellit) pledge buttons look alike. They ain't buttons at all.

Sept. 17—Y. M. and Y. W. reception. Beaucoup dates (that first word is French). We begin to feel acquainted and slightly envy those who were awarded sweaters or sang or monologued or something. Wish we wuz famous.

Sept. 18—Nothing much doing. I meant to skip this day in my write up. Oh well. I'll skip the next two instead.

Sept. 21—More fun! Classes going fine now. S. A. I.'s weiner roast.

Sept. 22—Our guests and fellow students from France appear. We prefer to call them by their first names. First Y. M. meeting.

Sept. 23—S. A. I. Circus party. The animals are fed.

Sept. 24 and 25—A. X. O. and Z. T. A. dances. Some of us go. Some of us don't. Some of us recuperate after our first two weeks away from home.

FOR INSTANCE JOHN HAYES.

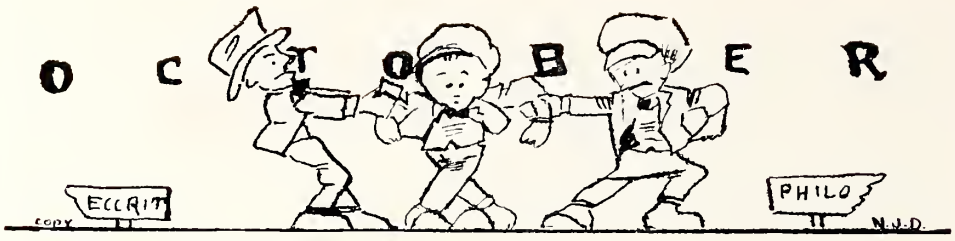
There is a cute little bunch called the T. K. E.'s,
From their looks you would take them for fre K. E.'s,
Microscopic in size, they would cinch any prize,
For the raising of frugal physi K. E.'s.

LIKE A WATCH.

Prof. Tyler: "See there, the armless wonder who has no hands."

Sept. 30—Upper classes elect . . . . Elect what? Why officers. The steam roller, whatever it may be, receives a work out.

"Thirty days hath September, April, June and Etc." That means I'm all ready for



Oct. 1—Tri Delt rushing dance.

Oct. 2—Pi Phi rushing dance. St. Viators ventures down to play a little football. They do—but very, very little. We chalk up one X mark.

Oct. 3—No, 4, K. D. X., calls on Mrs. Aston. 'Smore fun to go down that line of some eighty-two damsels, saying you are John Jones and - - - and you are pleased to meet all of 'em, when all you are thinking of is the 12th one you said it to. She who wore the bright red blouse and was little and had dark hair—and you can't think of her name.

Oct. 5—Tucks call on ditto. The girls learn lots of Mother Goose rhymes—learn to sing them, I mean. All end "Threw it out of the window. Of the window, of the window, threw it out of the window," etc., etc. The calm before the storm.

Oct. 6—Sorority bids go out. The calm grows tense. Didn't think a calm could grow tense, did you? This one did.

Oct. 7—Freshman class officers elected. The preferential system as explained by Professor Risley, receives the final test and nobody knows who really is president. Aston Hall celebrates something with a weiner roast. Wisht I lived with "Mamma Aston."

Oct. 9—Sorority pledging. The storm is past and the girls find that those they didn't get were fortunately the ones that they didn't care for anyhow.

Oct. 11—S. A. E. visits Aston Hall. Someone reports that the Freshman class is assembling on the back campus. (Do you grasp the thought?)

Oct. 12—Joint recital at Conservatory. Helen Brown Read, soprano, and Jules Falk, violinist, constitute this first of the series.

Oct. 13—Just a month since we registered. Miss Young and Miss Dunlap entertain practice teaching classes at another weiner roast.

Oct. 15—Aston Hall tacky party. Ladies only.

Oct. 16—Bradley comes to try out the Blue and White team. Inevitable result and another X mark for us.

Tucks have a southern dance; real moss, bum-bum and everything.

Oct. 17—Tekes make annual call at Aston Hall. The girls were tired of hiding hats and behaved in quite a lady-like manner.

Oct. 18—Pep meeting on the campus. What could we have had a pep meeting for? Augustana plays Millikin. Another X for J. M. U.

K. D. X. dance.

Oct. 19—Found something. Think it was supposed to go in the Decaturian, but I'm going to use it instead. It is entitled

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BY
JAMES MILLIKIN

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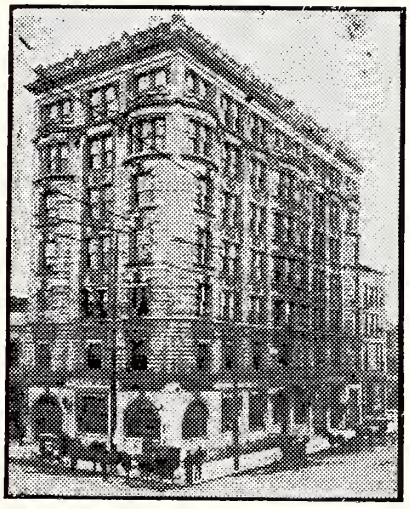

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and goes like this:

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	Cards
	Popcorn
Definition of a	Victrola
Good Time	Floors
HJ	Magazines
	Davenport
	Flowers
	Candles
	Swing
	Piano
	Maurita
	Big Chair
	Bill
	Hube
	Mike
	?

The other side of that paper wasn't interesting. Something about "dendrites coming in contact with end arborizations"—not in my class.

Oct. 25—Homecoming invitations go out to alumni. We are invited, urged, and charmed to assist in bringing back all the alums we can possibly reach.

Oct. 26—Prexy suggests that Millikin songs be taught to Frosh. Risley boasts that the verdant ones will soon out-sing the whole gang. Maybe so—maybe so.

Oct. 27—We begin to sing Alla Rah in the corridors before chapel.

Oct. 29—Hallowe'en party. Faculty wins the honors in costuming for the event.

George waited in the parlor at Aston Hall for some time. He wanted to get to the party. He grew more and more restless, finally rose and intimated to a group nearby that he was going. Some twenty minutes later, Jewell and Dunny saw him leaving with Maurita.

J.: "Why, George! I thought you'd gone."
G.: "Oh, I had to come back after my umbrella."
D.: "Is that what you call her?"

Students organize to support Horace McDavid. We hear such terms as "scratching the ballot."

Oct. 30—Eureka plays Millikin; we win. Ho-hum.

PORTER'S LAMENT

A fool there was, and I stayed out late,
Even as you have done,
And I said I'd study at an awful rate,
Yet every night I had a date,
But fool-like, I met the usual fate,
Even as you have done.

Pianissimo.

Prof. Henderson: "Now when you listen to a silver-plated cornetist."

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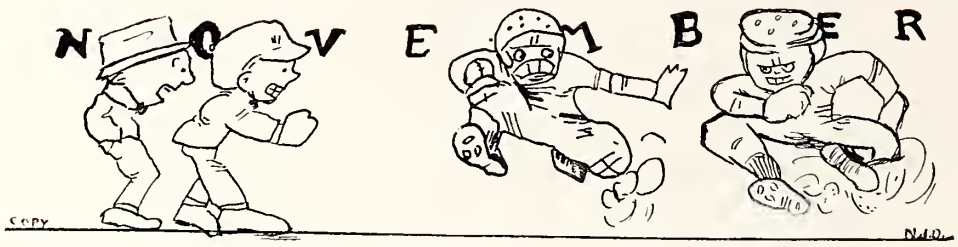


Nov. 1—Olds-Gallup joint recital. We go, for we know that "music hath power—"

Nov. 2—Many students go home to vote. Some vote, some don't.

Clyde Hart boosts the "Dec." "You can't beat that man Hart," says Prexy, and leans over the chain-effect to pay his dollar down.

Nov. 3—Miss Lena Corzine leads Y. W. Freshman girls have just about grown accustomed to the fact that Y. W. is a course no girl leaves out of her weekly schedule.

Nov. 4—Pi Mu Theta gives the first of the college Thursday afternoon teas. We like these teas, don't you know!

Nov. 5—Homecoming is here! Special chapel and lots of chrysanthemums—yellow and white.

Freshman-Sophomore Scrap, the long-looked-for, much-postponed, the spirited, the glorious scrap! And it had to be called on account of darkness. First public appearance of soccer-football enthusiasts. Risley and Nellie mix and then combine. S'all the same thing.

JAMBALAYA . . . . That means Homecoming Play and Elsie and Nerissy, Corridor Hounds and Vamps. "Don't their kne . . . ?"

Nov. 6—Shurtleff vs. Millikin. Ho-hum again. And yet again ho-hum. Alberto Salvi, harpist, in the evening. Before that, the Pi Mu Theta tea.

Nov. 1-7—Better American Speech Week. We are tagged by high school students. Pretty red and yellow tags. We resolve never to say *ain't*, or *has went*, or anything else we know we hadn't orter.

Nov. 8—Art Appreciation classes discover an exhibit of interest in the Art Institute. 'Fore long they will discover that 'twas well that they did "discover" the exhibit.

Nov. 9—Sammy announces special car to Bloomington. All who are going begin to sign up. The rest look on with envy and long for luck matching pennies.

Nov. 10—The ....th birthday of Dean Walker celebrated at Aston Hall.

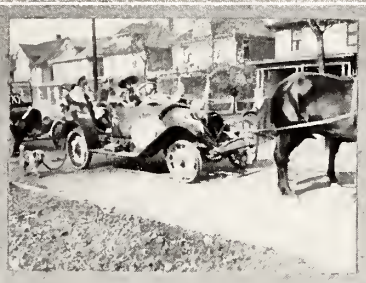
Nov. 11—Armistice celebration. Faculty tea with red, white and blue in evidence.

Nov. 12—Miss Spencer (Nerissy) entertains cast of Homecoming play. Football with balloons and other interesting—whew! my light is going flicker, flicker. Guess I'd better stop till tomorrow.

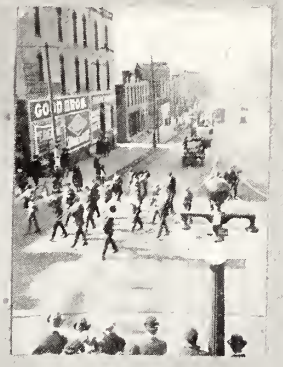
Nov. 13—We go to Wesleyan and see the whole bloody conflict.

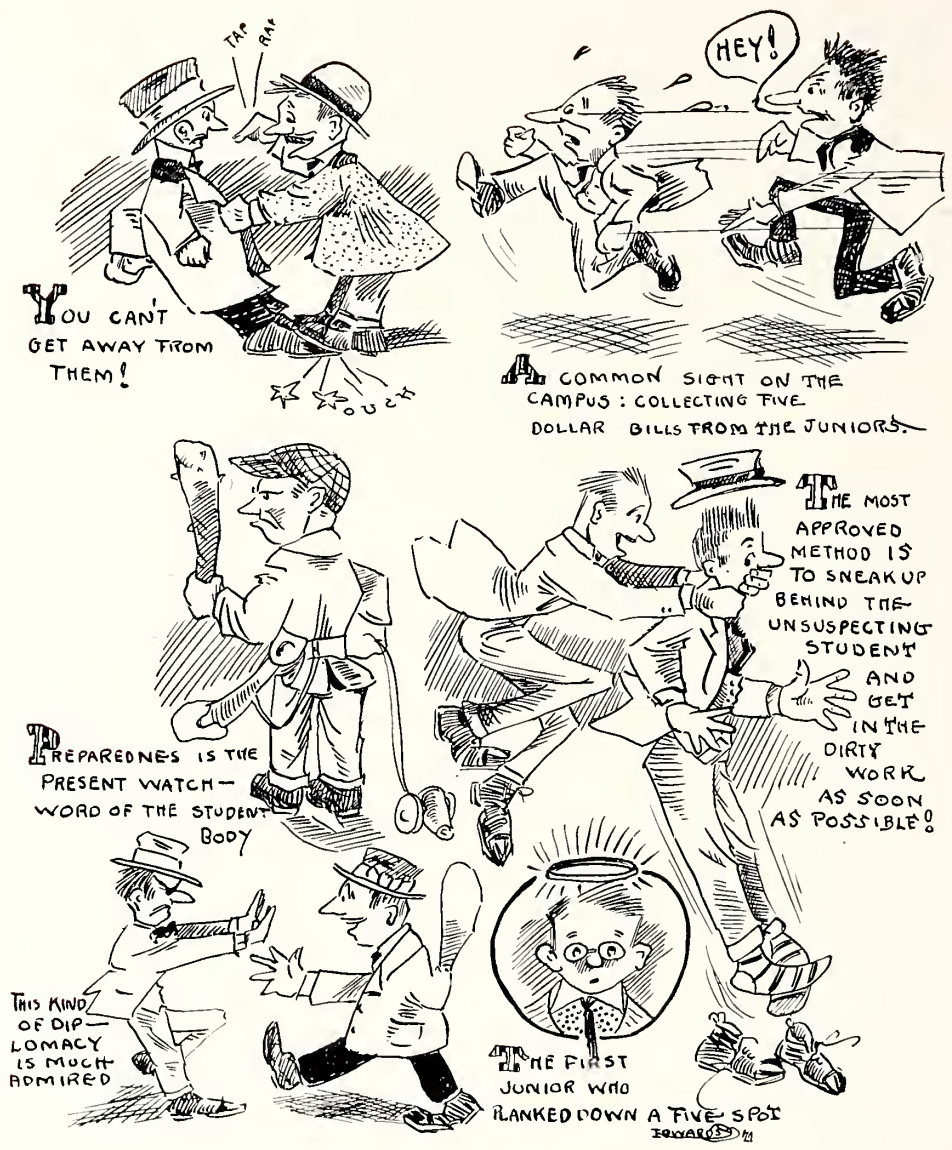
Risley asserts that he won't be pushed around by any Wesleyanites and only prompt intervention averts a riot. Oh, yes—we won.

Tri Delts guests of their new Delta Chapter at Champaign.



Home Coming 1920




THE RAT
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THEM!
OUCH
HEY!
A COMMON SIGHT ON THE CAMPUS: COLLECTING FIVE DOLLAR BILLS FROM THE JUNIORS.
PREPAREDNES IS THE PRESENT WATCH-WORD OF THE STUDENT BODY
THE MOST APPROVED METHOD IS TO SNEAK UP BEHIND THE UNSUSPECTING STUDENT AND GET IN THE DIRTY WORK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
THIS KIND OF DIP-LOMACY IS MUCH ADMIRED
THE FIRST JUNIOR WHO RANKED DOWN A FIVE SPOT
EDWARDS

This, kind friends, is the reason Bob Barracks didn't get the Calendar cartoons in on time. He is a busy man. Among other things, treasurer of the Junior class. It is rumored that he had to go to the lengths illustrated above before some of his fellow class-men "forked over." And he'd have to go further to get them from all.

The Pictures in This
Book are from
Van Deventer's Studio

We have made the portraits for the Millidek for fourteen issues. Isn't this evidence of satisfactory service?

Van Deventer

Standard Life Bldg., Decatur, Ill.

Nov. 14—S .A .I. actives entertained by pledges.

Nov. 18—Alpha Chi tea.

Nov. 19—Y. M.-Y. W. party—meaning an all-student affair with a tumbling act, a play and two charming dancers. You have doubtless observed their pictures. Mary Jane enclosed them in one of her letters.

Nov. 20—Millikin at Illinois. The usual close game with the usual result.

By the way, have you decided yet who the man in the middle of the bottom row, page 37, is? Guess I'll have to tell you, then. It is our esteemed President of the Student Council—Floyd Brenner. Don't often see him arrayed as the "lily of the field."

Nov. 21—Vesper services.

Nov. 22—Harold Bauer Recital—pianist of the artists series. We enjoy music. Wish we could have more.

Nov. 23—'Bout this time we all go to the Grand Operry. Some set in the balcony; some don't. Some enjoy it; some don't. Some think they will go again; some don't. Some decided to see Carmen tomorrow because it will be in the chapel and (incidentally) only fifty cents.

Nov. 24—Carmen loses her heel and almost brings the whole stage setting down upon her head (not when she lost her heel—this was at another time). But we liked her.

Oh, yes. Almost forgot. Yesterday Professor Kelso addressed chapel upon the tender subject of "Love." Apparently he knows his stuff. Things for which we may be duly thankful, Number 4,387. That this is Thanksgiving holiday.

Indiana Normal at Millikin. The slaughter is sickening.

Nov. 26—Teke dance. We wonder some times about the advisability of recording the occurrence of dances. Can't forget 'em, so why not use the space for something else. Record of Millidek Board meetings, just for example. Then next year's staff could follow our more or less noble example. Oh, well. Custom and precedent govern us. We are creatures of habit and soon will be quite beyond help. Ain't it so, Freshmen?

Nov. 30—Dr. J. W. McDonald speaks in chapel.

John T. Taylor: "I only got one girl, and she turns me down."

Sarah Jane Dunston: "Don't ask me to stay. I have to go home to see who calls me up.

Knudson: "Have you a date for tonight?"
Idelia Davis (encouragingly): "No."
Knudson: "Well, I just wanted to know."

Pfeffer: "Got a date tonight, Chasey?"
Chasey: "No; it's Biddy's turn."

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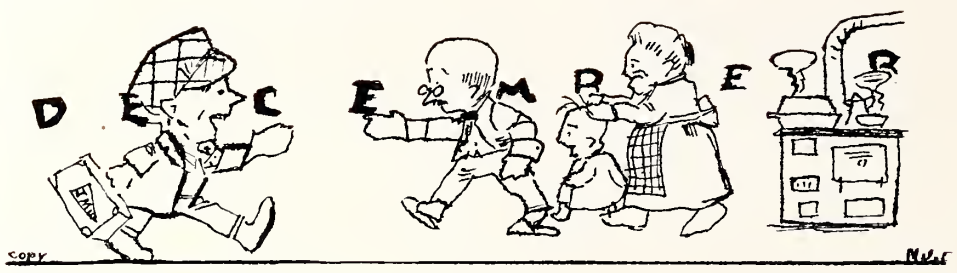

Dec. 1—Rev. Williams in chapel. Mrs. H. D. Pettee, missionary from Japan, speaks to Y. W. Y. M. elects officers. Only men who have paid their quarters are qualified to vote. Earle Roberts is the new president.

Dec. 2—Mass meeting in chapel. Freshmen urged to get themselves "mugged" for the Millidek. The Millidek, you know, is our college annual and its value will be enhanced a thousand-fold if your picture is in it.

Dec. 3—It rains.

Dec. 4—And it rains. "Oh, it rained forty days, forty nights without stoppin' "

"Tell me, ma Lo'd, didn' it rain?"

Dec. 6—Green, Brown and Cantrall recital. Didn't you come? HM! Your loss. These faculty recitals are good.

Dec. 7—President and Mrs. Holden visit Tekes.

Dec. 9—Millikin-Japan Day. Little red and yellow Japanese lanterns on sale by the Y. W. K. Kewabe sells Japanese prints at a great deal for some prints and a very little for others. A few originals, many copies of old Japanese masters.

Dec. 10—Inter-fraternity council organized. Nothin' else to do, you know, we gotta do something, so we start something new.

Dec. 11—Z. T. A. dance—a truly Christmas affair with a tree and candles and little horns and drums. Coach Wann and John Birks endeavor to play tunes on their fifes.

Dec. 13—Faculty party. We hear it was of the wild variety, but were unable to secure any specific details to make the recounting the more interesting.

Dec. 14—Buryl's birthday. Football banquet. Rut Ward elected captain. Ruth Ray's recital. Doctor Jenney makes an appeal in chapel for the starving children. Art Department tea, exhibition and sale—a regular three in one affair.

Dec. 15—George Proctor's follow-up of Dr. Jenney brings almost $400 from Millikin students and faculty. It was great to see those dollar bills pile up on the table.

Dec. 16—Tri Delt bazaar.

Dec. 17—Miss Green sings in chapel. Millikin students are certainly models of behaviour and attention when she is here. Guess we'll have her often so we can get the habit and let it carry us over our more restless moments.

Dr. Conant's annual vacation begins, or has begun, and Rev. Myers takes charge of her classes.

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H. E. HAINES
W. E. STEPHENS

Dec. 18—Millikin basket ball team defeats U. of I. five at Champaign. Of course Illinois was just trying out her men, and the best ones on the team didn't play and they hadn't done much yet this year and so on and so on—but Millikin won. No explanations can change the fact.

Christmas vacation begins. This is where our December picture would be most appropriate. But we have to be consistent. Put all the other headings at the beginning of each month. Same with December. Just turn back now, and look at it. 'Magine yourself greeting and being greeted by mother and father and the good old stove where you can see the fire and know you're hot even if you aren't.

Dec. 19—Five more shopping days till Christmas. You begin to get excited and wish you had done your buying early.

Dec. 24—You receive Christmas greetings from some collegiate acquaintances to whom you had sent none. A last minute rush to get some off to them, or else a glow of happiness at the thought that you had been remembered, according to your temperament.

Dec. 25—A Christmas tree, a stocking in front of the fire-place, a special chair, a corner of the table with your fruit and gifts, greetings, written and verbal—all evidences of the Christmas spirit of hopefulness and love.

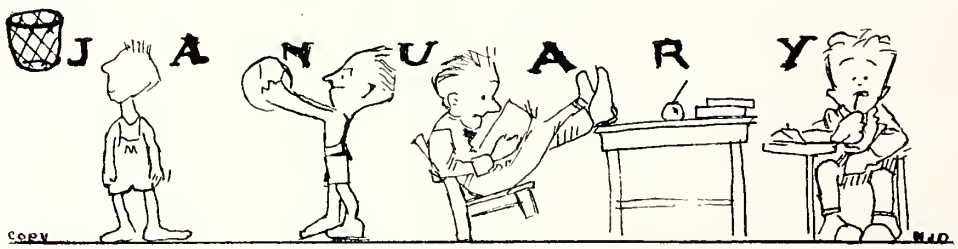
Dec. 29—Millikin Glee Club makes its initial concert in Streator.

Dec. 30—It goes on to Oak Park and finds lots of Millikinites ex and otherwise to hear it. Not to mention a real party after the affair. Remember Grace Shawhan? She was there. She's going to Ohio Wesleyan this year, you know.

Dec. 31—Third and last stop on the northern tour, Wilmington. This Glee Club of ours surely makes friends for Millikin. It pays to advertise, as some one has so ably expressed it.

DOES SHE TAKE PHYSIOLOGY?

Lucile Claxon (New Year's resolution): "I'm not going to let anyone kiss me on the front porch of the dorm."



Jan. 1—Isn't this appropriate? Start out January with a basketball game just as our little picture suggests. University of Iowa this time. Close game. Much excitement. We win. Can't explain the fact, either.

Notice the other half of our "piece of art"—that indicates that classes begin in the near future.

Jan. 3—In fact, vacation ends.

Jan. 4—We praise those teachers who made no assignments over the holidays and flunk in those classes in which assignments were made. Start

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HOW TO GET OUT A MILLIDEK

There has been some question in our minds, ever since we were elected in fact, as to just the proper form of procedure to follow in order to put out the "best yet" *on time*. We have, therefore, reasoned and debated within ourselves for many weeks, and all to this end: Having passed through all the "harrowing experience" (borrowed phrase) of editing this still-to-be-appreciated or still-to-be-maligned publication, we almost feel it our duty, so to speak, to leave behind us, not so specific and binding an order to hamper you in your editing projects, but a program at once general and inclusive, yet not lacking in those specific details so often, nay, always, needed to make clear certain particulars. You are following me? You are then ready to read these thoughtfully prepared instructions, definite and helpful as they may well be, in order that you, succeeding editor, may with greater ease bring forth from the vast and mysterious unknown that which you, too, shall call a *Millidek*.

Of course, the editing business, just as government, is a fluid thing. Last year for example, the *Millidek* was printed on tinted paper; this year it isn't. Last year's annual had no border; this one has. And so one might go on. Next year's may have a border on tinted paper, who knows? Our advice may be applied without interfering with any specific change which may or may not take place. We only wish our predecessors had done as much for us. We feel that it would have saved us many mistakes, heartaches, grey hairs, and wrinkles. Hence our feeling that we are making a real contribution to humanity, because of these few words.

First—Begin early, at least three years, two months, twenty-seven days before you enter into the work. Establish a school of correspondence with prospective members of the staff (or Board). Perhaps then you can begin to work after Christmas vacation of your Junior year.

Second—Choose a representative Board—representative of all the elements in the class to avoid petty jealousy and the accusation of "politician." But be governed slightly at least by the capability of said representatives. It is worse to have one group represented by a do-nothing, so you have to do the work yourself, than not to have it represented, but enlarge another group's quota. Even after this select a committee of three to be "responsible" and then, unless you're lucky (as I), go to work and put out your *Millidek*. You'll have to do it ultimately, might as well start at once.

Third—Equip yourself adequately. We recommend that you include the following: 1 blunderbuss; 2 tomahawks; 4 bottles of ink (1 red, 1 purple, 2 black); 1 Remington for your own use; 2 Olivers for the staff; 1 Ford (not necessarily from Harristown); 1 voluminous suitcase; considerable muscle; some 50 extra cuts; 1 expert proof-reader; several bars of chocolate; 1 "devil-may-care-sleuth-photographer" (to get Mr. Casey's picture); other items as necessary. With this start we feel that your staff should be fully 2 per cent efficient.

Fourth—Miscellaneous. Do not let out over 50 keys to the *Millidek* office. It is too confusing to trace vanished articles and pictures. Don't forget that you may use the waste-basket in the pottery room since the *Millidek* office contains none. Call for material weekly. Have regular Board meetings. Don't use blunderbuss on all intruders. Some come with friendly intent.

With this we cease, feeling that future generations will be unusually

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adept at the work because of these suggestions. The individual editor may, as we have intimated, work out matters of detail.
the New Year right. That reminds us . . . . have you read Lucile Claxon's New Year's Resolution? It is really of interest. Better look it up.

Jan. 5—Miss Dunlap speaks in Y. W.

Jan. 6—Zeta pledges entertain actives at dinner.

Jan. 7—J. M. U. B. B. five defeated by Wabash.

Jan. 8—Millikin B. B. team (B. B. means basketball during this season; we'll notify you when it begins to mean baseball) is defeated by the University of Chicago. No wonder. Why don't they pick on a college their own size.

Jan. 10—The English Club brings Tony Sarg's Marionettes to us. We see "Rose in the Ring" in the afternoon, and "Rip Van Winkle" at night. Incidentally, if we were conducting a "Polite" contest as the Chicago Tribune is, we know who'd get the $25 for today. You should have seen Joe Cogdall rescue the lost youngsters who came to see the puppets. Just imagine being little and only six and half-way afraid and having some nice big man lead you right in to the place you belonged. We all longed to be back in our child-hood days. Might add another little item of interest: Debate try-out began to be held today.

Jan. 11—Millidek Board meeting. Oh, it met before today and doubtless will meet later, but you should know about this meeting. Why, we decided on more important points. Paper and type and border and when copy was due. And how to get the book over to you.

Jan. 12—First Senior luncheon.

I wish 't I was a senior,
a senior, a senior,
Lunching in the D. S. room on high."

Pi Beta Phi Cookie shine.
Debating team chosen. Consider the talent, will you?

Jan. 13—Zeta Tau Alpha College tea . . . cunning little shields in our sandwiches. Unfortunate element same as with ripe olives. It is very easy to determine how many one has eaten.

Birthday dinner given for C. W. Dyer. No, he hasn't stopped having birthdays.

Y. W. subject—"The Little Red Devil."

Jan. 14—U. of I. Quintet at Millikin. We lose.
Sigma Iota luncheon.

Jan. 15—Alpha Chi Omega black and white dance. Professor and Mrs. Risley entertain faculty members at a buffet supper. The assembled multitude writes to one of the absent faculty wives. Of course it will take some time to make the rounds.

Jan. 17—Borch-Hydinger recital. We went and in addition to the music received an American Beauty. Now don't you wish you had gone?

Jan. 18—Millikin five defeats Beloit. Rev. Henry speaks in chapel.

Jan. 19—Miss Allin talks and talks and talks to the Y. W. C. A.

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A fire of course, it is understood
Made right out of the box-car wood.
Then stealthily creep in the wee, small hours,
Told by the clock in the courthouse towers.
Mayhap you'll be having a S. C. spree—
The kind enjoyed by M. P. and L. B.

* * *

If more you'd like to know of them
Just ask Lee or her friend H. M.
For the four of them went on a S. C. spree
This 19th day of Januaree.

Jan. 21—Professor Henderson speaks in chapel.

Jan. 22—Wabash five defeated Millikin. Well, what you going to do about it? Sammy announces that up until this time a University ordinance of some kind or other has prohibited dancing in the gym. The ordinance, he adds, is still in effect. Oh, well.

Jan. 23—National officers visit Tekes. Just before exams, too. If we wanted to, I bet we could write a parody on "Just before the battle, mother," . . . . but we don't want to. Starts a train of thought, though.

Jan. 24—28 Mid semester examinations. Can you realize that the year and the Calendar are half over at the same time. It seems impossible. If we had the half year to do over, we might make some changes. Whether or not they would be improvements, we cannot decide.

January 28—We win over Wesleyan—basketball. And the Glee Club goes to Bloomington. Famous Glee Club we have. Consult the Alumni Bulletin for further particulars. We can't afford to duplicate material.

Jan. 31—The new semester begins. New classes begin. New checks have to be written for tuition and athletic fee and Aston Hall and laboratory fees and books and paper and more books— checks without end, amen and amen.

K. Kline discovered in the library reading "How I Knew when the Right Man Came."

"Is your date late, Janet?"
Janet: "Yes. I expect he's shaving. I sincerely hope he is."

Goltra: "May I have a word with you?"
Mariam: "Just one."
Goltra: "Date."

Mr. Henderson: "Our minds are concrete things, Mr. Rodgers."
Same stage, same actors: "Do you have a brain, Mr. Rodgers?"
Rodgers: "I hope so."
Prof.: "It's an unobservable fact."

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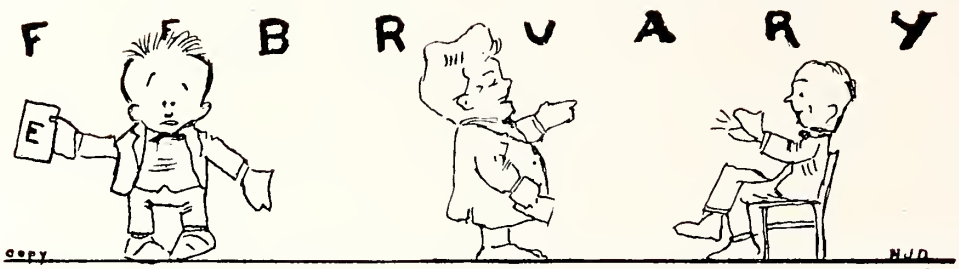

Feb. 1—General Genesis, I mean exodus of those among us whose mid-year reports resembled that of the "Enfant terrible" above. It is quality, not quantity, that makes a college. We is de quality.

Feb. 2—Permit us to introduce Miss Helen Lobenstein, who read before the Y. W. C. A.

Mr. Pence, who spoke to the Y. M., and

Mr. Banks of Princeton, who spoke in chapel.

Feb. 3—Kappa Delta Chi tea. Advanced Conservatory students' recital. 'S funny. We've been looking over Millideks of past years and somebody usually "up and marries" 'bout this time. No such luck for us. This is a hard year . . . . but what's a calendar editor going to do about it?

Feb. 4—Recital by Marie Rappold, soprano. Rev. McDonald speaks in chapel.

By the way . . . . have you read Mildred Wiley's story, "The Bludgeonings of Chance?" When Mr. Logan was setting it up, he got so interested in reading the story that he forgot to set type for a while. "Gripping—that's what it is," said he.

Feb. 5—Our basketball team wins over Knox . . . . . we're used to that sort of stuff.

Feb. 6—Versailles Sentinel arrives at Sig Alph House. Does that arouse your curiosity?

Feb. 7—Pi Beta Phi open house. 'Most everyone goes to get a little red heart, pierced by an arrow, for her memory book. S. A. E. and K. D. X. initiation.

Feb. 8—Rev. McDonald speaks in chapel. We hasten to "get behind the tags" that label our instructors as professors and find that they are human beings—as advertised. They, in turn, begin to reconsider us and find that back of our "student" label, we, too, are only human.

Feb. 9—Rev. Dando speaks in chapel. This is the week of prayer.

Feb. 10—Dr. F. F. Shannon of Chicago makes the closing address in the annual prayer week. He speaks on Lincoln. Some of us miss him, but see the Kennedys at the High School.

Feb. 11—"Three Bears" given by the Millikin Kindergarten. Goodness Gwashus! We almost forgot to announce: Harding and Coolidge were declared duly elected a day or two ago. You thought they were elected last November, didn't you. They were—so to speak, but our forefathers, the noble framers of the Constitution, didn't know it. They think the electors did it, as the congressional count showed, just two days ago.

Tuckabackee initiation. Millikin five wins over Illinois College.

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Feb. 12—Tri Delt formal and Z. T. A. initiation. Tekes entertained by Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Smith.

Feb. 13—The better the day—etc. Louise Vent's tea for Zetas. A L-o-v-e-l-y party.

Feb. 14—You know what this is. More special delivery letters! More flowers! More boxes of chocolates! More valentines! I had one from a friend. It said "Open this and you shall see a love message from me." I opened it and—well, you didn't think I'd tell what it said, did you? Maybe it was same as yours, anyway.

Prof. and Mrs. Risley entertain the Tri Delts.

Feb. 15—Miss Imogene Pierce speaks at Y. W.

Feb. 16—The long looked for, the much anticipated event comes. The Seniors appear for the first time in chapel in caps and gowns. As long as they march slowly and walk sedately, all is well. But have you ever seen one of them come on the fly down the corridor? Just isn't advisable to run when thus arrayed, that's all. Mr. Kilbride speaks—also to Y. M. —also to debaters. The affirmative like him; the negative—well, they can't say so much.

Feb. 17—Senior class fills vacancies. Johnny went over to Wesleyan. Harriet resigned, so Earle Roberts was elected president and Eber vice-pres. Tuckabackee tea and recital by Wilna Moffett and Mrs. Helmick.

Feb. 18—Alpha Chi Omega initiation. The real one. You already know about the other, don't you. Ruth Riggs at the jail. Marjory Scott calling for Dr. McDonald's dictionary, etc.

Feb. 19—Chittum-Cantrall recital. Pan Hellenic banquet at the Orlando. Second, third or fourth appearances for some of the girls, a first-chance for the Freshmen, Helen Richardson, Ida Baker and Georgiana Schaub (five cents please; her name is spelled correctly in this place).

Knox defeats Millikin basket ball team. Do you believe that? Or did I make a mistake in my notes.

Feb. 20—T. K. E. initiation. Nothin' more to say.

Feb. 22—'Nother famous day. We observe it with a special chapel program. Mr. Engleman speaks and Mr. Olds sings. One bad boy remarks that he wishes Washington had been born earlier in the day. Student body marches forth to be wound up by a moving picture man. Every class but the junior celebrates in the approved fashion with a class party. Mary Jane has already told you about that, tho. Also the Aston Hall tea.

Feb. 23—Jenna Birks sets forth for New York and Yonkers to the mid-winter meeting of the Student Volunteer Council.

Feb. 24—Senior recital by Bernice Brennen. All-star girls' basket ball teams chosen.

Feb. 25—Sigma Alpha Iota formal dance—and the Bingos play the Bangos for the championship. If you want to know the score, consult the athletic section. We believe in division of labor in our Millidek work. We will say that the program was clever, tho. The Dutch dance, the drills and the Gold-Dust Twins! We're strong for the twins.

LINCOLN'S LEGACY

Lincoln's richest legacy to his countrymen was his life. Today his splendid story is as full of inspiration as it was in the days gone by. In thinking of this man, this solitary figure in the history of our nation, one cannot help but be struck by the note of deep humanity which gave beauty and strength to his thoughts, words and deeds.

In a period of collapse and destruction, he was a builder, and long before he was called to the position of leadership, Lincoln, the boy and the young man, through the rigid practice of industry, thrift and self denial, was fitting himself for the part.

Lincoln was sparing of words as well as of money. He appreciated the dignity and independence to be gained from an income honestly earned. He practiced economy himself and counseled the country to save — not for the sake of money, but for the things that money can do.

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Feb. 26—Kappa Delta Chi formal dance—a Spanish cabaret 'n all. Alpha Chis scatter invitations to the bakery sale to all who will but heed.

Feb. 27—The Glee Club goes to Springfield. First appearance of the new pianist, John Tinnon Taylor.

Feb. 28—We wonder whether the Pi Beta Phi initiates received the proper admonitions or portions of the Brown Debate. We heard it rumored that the two might be mixed.

KILBRIDE AND DAD.

Dear Father:

"Roses are red, violets are blue,
Send me 50, I love you."

Dear Son:

"Some roses are red, others are pink
Enclosed find 50, I don't think."

GEOMETRICALLY SPEAKING.

Prof. Henderson: "Now if you'll take a poem and divide it into two halves."

PAGE SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Mr. Kelso: "He kills this fellow until this fellow finds it out."

WE THINK NOT.

Percy Knudson: "Will a snake act just the same as a frog, when you put acid on its leg?"

PROF., HOW COULD YOU?

Mr. Casey: "Take the average individual of 15 or 16—yourselves, for instance."

AS PER.

Miss Conant: "What did I say?"
Miss Smith: "Nothing."

DOODNESS DRACIOUS.

Miss Lutz: "Avoid these trite expressions. How do you get that way using that stuff?"

YES SIR.

Prof. Henderson: "Some of us become fossils in another way."

HORSE SENSE.

Miss Conkey (on Senior wagon in Homecoming parade): "The horses can't make the grade."
Dunny: "They've got nothing on some of the Seniors."

REFER TO THE A. X. O.'s.

Spence is awfully nice to have around a sorority house. Always glad to take the softest chairs or to step aside while the girls roll up the rug.

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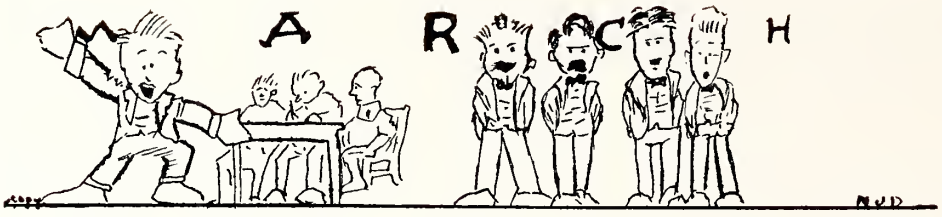

March 1—Luck again. See those debaters. Very appropriate. Brown Debate this evening. Dale Yoder wins. That isn't he orating just above, tho. He is the "My friends" advocate.

Mr. George Stuart of Albany, N. Y., speaks in chapel. Kappa Delts entertain their B. B. team.

March 2—Tekes do likewise. Rev. Meyer speaks at Y. W. Lois E. and Orval D. chosen as editor and business manager for next year's Decaturian. Our "Mac"—Horace W. McDavid, speaks in chapel and Helen Gene Cantrall sings.

March 3, 4, 5—I. I. A. C. B. B. Tournament. My! that's a bunch of initials. Hope you don't forget what they mean. Oh, no. I don't care so much. You can't forget that we won! Prexy presents shields to winners as we wait breathless (figuratively speaking, my dears) to hear who of ours are all star men. The announcement comes from the coach. "Forward, Hiser . . . . . but what caused the delay was that the guards were so nearly matched that three were chosen . . . . . Lipe, Bailey, captain of the all-state . . . . . " That's all we heard. But we had heard enough.

March 5—Millikin relay team at U. of I. relay carnival.

March 8—Prexy walks out of chapel before the "amens." After Jambalaya, too!

March 9—Rev. Henry makes the chapel address and Mr. M. L. Swarthout gives us a violin solo. Many, many thanks, Seniors.

Z. T. A. basketball team again wins shield at intramural tournament. 'Tisn't fair, two in succession.

March 10—More recitals and the Sophomore tea plus the H. S. District Tournament in our gym. Oh, there's plenty of excitement round here.

Speakin' of a hard year. Kodak editor says I've nothin' on her. Miss Allin refuses to be took and so does Mr. Casey. We try time exposures in the library, but Eugenia suddenly has to hop up and get something. Prof. Lahr says the sun's too bright, or it's too windy, or he's busy, and my! how they all do hate to have their pictures taken at all. We wonder some times . . . . . is all this hesitation just for effect! Next year, I vow, I shall, if asked, accept an invitation to have my picture taken with joyous celerity, or alacrity (either word is good).

March 11—Miss Cheek, general secretary of the Y. W. C. A., leaves us almost saying in concert

"Aim high and you get some where;
Aim low and you stay right there."

S. A. E. formal dance and Tuckabackee informal.

March 12—Tekes enjoy their dance while the chaperones eat candy. Deltas Three entertain their patronesses at luncheon.

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We have tried, and we believe we have succeeded to a great extent, in raising the standards of living by bringing within easy reach of the public not only the necessities, but also the luxuries, of everyday life.

We feel it our duty as a part of this community to do this.

Our purpose is to go on and on doing more and more.

We also feel that Millikin students have appreciated our efforts and we now wish to express our appreciation of your business the past year.

Linn & Scruggs

March 13.—Talk of hard trials and great tribulations! Here's another sob story. These Seniors are the most dilatory beings when it comes to turning in their "eulogies" for the front of this annual. And when they do come! Well, take this one for example. "What are you going to do in the face of it?"

JOKER COGDAL

BACHELOR FOR ECONOMY

Model for Robert Lahr	1916
Bus Boy, Loafer's Cafeteria	1916
Waiter, Thompson's Lunch	1916-17
Solicitor, Pressing Club	1916-17
Ticket Taker Empress	1917
Bouncer, same place	1917
Hobo, summer	1917
Pearl Diver, Aston Hall	1917
Janitor	1917
Gob	1918
Salesman, Neustadt's	1918
Petty Officer	1917-18
Supervisor Student Labor	1920-21
Handy Man, A. E. Staley's	1920
Head Watchman, J. M. U.	1920-21

D. F. remainder of time.

March 14—The brothers of the Compass and Square organize on the campus. That means the Masonic Club, brethren.

March 15—Advanced Chem. classes visit Staley's plant. No report of anyone being stuck in the hole on that moving belt effect, by which one is supposed to go from one floor to another.

March 16—Rev. Meyer tells us we are all like Fords—all we need is a spark to start us off.

March 17—You know that's true about Mrs. Walker patting the express man on the shoulder, and saying "Oh, yes, you will, you sweet old thing" . . . . Would you have thought it?

Coeds appear "wearing the green." No, they aren't the loyal Fresh. They've just come from the Teke tea. Almost forgot to tell you it's St. Patrick's Day.

The Davis Drug Store

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and gents' hats. All work guaranteed.

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March 18—Millikin Debaters lose to Eureka College. Why dwell on such things?

Says Prexy, "We hunger and thirst after a soap bubble, and think we have a billiard ball."

March 19—Scene Zeta Formal Dance. Helen Hoots observes that Theodora Connard is wearing a Teke pin. H. H.: "Of all things! This is certainly a surprise." T. C.: "It wasn't to me!"

March 22—Dr. T. W. Galloway speaks in chapel. His was one of the most thought-provoking talks we have had this year.

March 23—Y. W. elects officers; Mariam Houghton, president, and Camille Barnett, vice president.

Before Bishop Quayle's arrival we might have answered to the query, "And what is your *favorite* flower?" "Why, lily of the valley." Now we have none. We love them all. We change our conjunction from *or* to *and*.

Gamma Epsilon Tau, the new science fraternity, officially recognized.

March 24-29—Back to nature for five whole days. During which Theta Gamma, a new Greek letter sister, appears, and "Dean Biggs" reports that Aston Hall feasts on strawberries and whipped cream, etc.

March 30—Pictures are again taken of the student body. We surely are much in demand with these photographers. What between Van Deventer, the Kodak editor, the movie man and Mr. Williams, we cry for peace, peace, and there ain't none.

Aston Hall has its spring opening. Quite a picturesque affair. Just imagine or recall some eighty spring beauties out at the same time.

March 31—Football players rewarded for championship playing—real silver footballs. Coach thinks they're clever. So do we. The terrible Swedes from the far north might also enjoy looking at them. All the Juniors like tea and a few others seem to.

HOLY HOLY HOLY.

Mary Lou: "Oh girls, I found a pair of hose with only one hole in it."

DOWN TO EARTH, CASEY.

Mr. Casey: "You cultivated souls don't need outside stimulus to take your attention away from the picture before you."

OH MY, HOW JEALOUS.

If you want to be "Marryin" Houghton, Goltra might get sore.

SHE CARRIES A STOP WATCH.

SAE vs TKE 3:30 1st. Half.
KDX vs. Tucks 3:40 1st. Half.
The games will be played in 8 minute quarters.
(Miss Ferson's notice on Bulletin Board).

AGAIN.

Dot Davis to Prof. Henderson: "Are you still crazy?"

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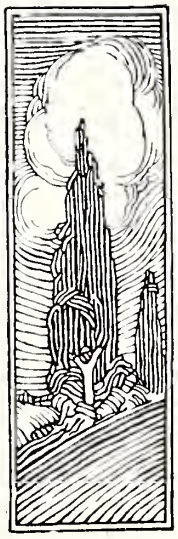
DECATUR, ILLINOIS



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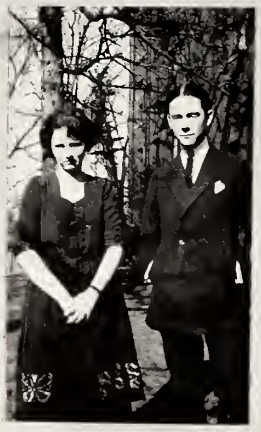

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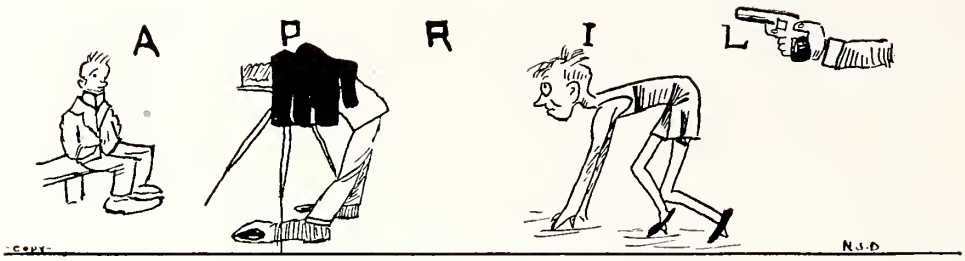

April 1—Was goin' to fool you good and not have no April fool's day, but the Pi Mu Theta's had a luncheon and asked some of the Junior prospects. Then I knew you would all shout out about the Student Council dance an' say that Calendar keeper's asleep if I forgot the first, last and only Student Council and All Student dance. So—quite a little write up, don't you think?

April 2—About this time I heard the Theta.r Gamma.r's

Were going to have
A perfickly scrumptious dinner!
You bet the Zeta Tau Alphas are a watchin' their chance.
They have a bakery sale and invite all their aunts.
(Rhymes, see?)

For the Alpha Chi Omegas
Once had a bakery sale.
They sold most all their food,
And took in lots of kale.

April 2—Still same day. The Pi Phis dance their formal dance.

April 6—Mr. J. J. Jeffries, the overall man, comes to the platform in chapel. We're all glad he's such a good kicker. The Tekes got interested, you know, invited him to dine with them next day and tried to beat him at his own game. Oh, yes. Lois E. sang Schubert's "Ave Maria."

April 7—The English Club tea

Oh, My! Oh, Me!
Made a pretty poster
As pretty as could be;
But they tied that poster
Don't you see, see, see,
With a rope that would hang
Even me, even me.

April 8—Bob Barracks, John Birks and David Jones of the Y. M. Cabinet go to Champaign for the Y. M. officers training conference.

The Zetas are proud of their basketball team. Gave 'em their breakfast this morning.

April 9—It snows, but Ping and his baseball and the rest of the team win from Blackburn the season's first game on the diamond.

Tekes have their annual dance, a spiffy, dinner-dance affair.

April 10—"Today is Sunday—today is Sunday, Sunday . . . . "

BRETHREN, LET US PRAY.

Frosh: "What does Prexy do around here?"

Senior: "He gets up in chapel every morning, looks over the faculty, and prays for the college."

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18TH AMENDMENT.

F. Dunn in Art. 19: "This pen is just like the recitation today—DRY."

THIS SHOULD BE LOOKED INTO.

Helen Parkinson: "What can I do for sore lips?"
Helen Regan: "I put on some kind of chap stuff."

ENTIRELY OUT OF PLACE.

Miss Lockett: "After his death, a post mortem was held."

HIS WOOLENS TICKLED HIM TO DEATH.

Dr. Holden (in chapel): "In the land of the Midnight Sun, I had on practically my whole wardrobe."

OH FILBERT.

Letha S.: "Can you pick out nuts?"
Bohls: "Yes, I picked out one tonight."

SOME ADVANTAGE IN INSANITY.

Prof. Mills: "Oh, to be frank with you, the dances you folks have, don't compare to the dances they have in insane asylums."

WE THOUGHT SO TOO.

Pigott: "I wonder if it was before or after?"
Miss McCaslin: "I think so."

HARRIS MAYES COMPUTES NO. OF WORKING DAYS IN YEAR.

To find the actual number of working days in a year:

Days in year		365
Summer vacation		90
		275
½ every day is night, divide by 2		137½
Saturdays and Sundays		78
		59½
Time out (football) 74 half days		37
		22½
Xmas vacation		14
		8½
Thanksgiving	2	
Spring vacation	5	
Washington's Birthd.	1	
	—	8
		½

—actual number of working days in year.

Hazel: "Would you call a packing house an old factory, John?"
John: "It produces an olefactory sensation."

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April 11—Today is Monday . . . . The Millidek Board begins to recite in concert "I wish't I was a little rock

A settin' on a hill.
A doin' nothin' all the day,
But just a sittin' still.
I wouldn't eat—I wouldn't sleep—
I wouldn't even wash.
I'd just set there a thousand years
And rest myself, b' gosh!"

Numerous explosions in region of Aston Hall.

April 12—Rev. Golden speaks in chapel. "Many are chased, but few are caught." Proverb of the "branch of hyenas" who inhabit the second floor of the Dorm.

April 13—Baseball team to Normal.

April 14—Big event. Hearken all. Helen Parkinson elected editor, and Irwin Hurtt business manager of the 1922 Millidek. Our congratulations to the class of '22 and the elected ones. Y. W. tea with specially invited guests.

April 15—Chorus will now respond, not "Wee, wee" and "Oi, Oi" per Mr. Sampson's directions, but "Glee Club Home Concert." Up to date our acceptance of the Glee Club's prowess has been on faith. But even we began to think that faith without works is dead, so we heard the Glee Club work, and we no longer wonder that up-state and down-state, and local and foreign papers herald the coming of our Glee Club. We think we'll ask for a return engagement.

High Honor and Honor students for 1919-20 reported.

April 16—Alpha Chi formal and Delta Sigma Phi (as was the Tucks) installation. Also Evelyn Wait's "Movie" party announcing the approaching marriage of oh, you know who—Jewell and Billy.

April 18—We are apprised of the coming addresses by J. Stitt Wilson.

April 19—J. Stitt Wilson arrives. He proves to be a most interesting speaker. A man with a definite philosophy of life, a "prophet for youth," a vision which he transfers to his hearers. This in his five addresses today, Wednesday, Thursday morning and evening, and Friday.

April 20—Permit us to quite the "Dec": "The Seniors enjoyed their usual bi-weekly lunch today. How anyone or group of ones can assemble and concoct so delicious a repast as this for the mere sum of two-bits is beyond us . . . . Desperation, of course, knows not the meaning of human limitations, but beneath all triviality we must admit that some several of the fair ones of the aforesaid class are capably clever at the culinary art."

April 21—Our holiday for work on the athletic field preparatory for the big interscholastic meet May 14. All the men work with hoes, rakes or shovels. Our dean arrayed as the rest of the workers. The girls preparing and serving lunch from 12 to 1. Yes, just an hour off at noon. Regular union hours we keep. Whistle again at 5 p. m.

April 22—Theta Gammas have their first dance—a charming one, in Miss Grubel's studio. S. A. I.s dance tonight, too.

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The best of the new—in suits, wraps, frocks, millinery, blouses and lingerie, as well as in the accessories so necessary to a correct costume, may always be seen here.

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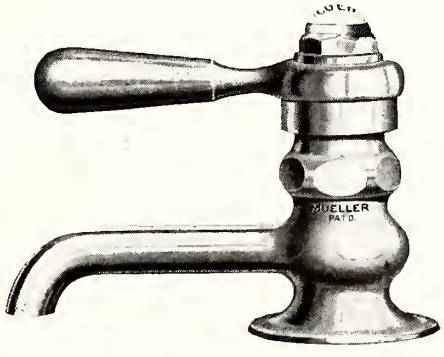

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April 23—And the Sophomores tonight. The first class dance under the new ruling of the faculty.

April 24 and 25—John Elder, traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, stops with us, holds private conferences, talks to Seniors, and with Earle Roberts lunches with the inmates of Aston Hall.

April 25—Pi Mu Theta pledging at Pi Phi house, following Lichty's initiation. A week of concentrated pledge duty is promised the fifteen.

April 26—Confessions in various quarters, namely, viz, to-wit:

1. In physiology, Mr. Christie calls repeatedly on *Miss* Simpson. W. C. refuses to answer, being a man. Mr. Christie becomes plainly fussed, and adds: "Oh, yes. Beg your pardon. *Mr.* Simpson, of course. You see, I used to have a girl named Simpson, and . . . . "

2. At Aston Hall: "Yes," says Anna. "Once it took Irwin and me from 8 o'clock till 10:15 to walk from the Bijou out to the Hall."

3. In history class: Mr. Casey confesses great ignorance and humility. He does not—*did* not perhaps we should say, know how many of the thirteen stripes in our flags are white and how many red. Do you?

April 27—Helen Machan makes great discovery. We, too, are overcome. "Edwina Hall's ear puffs are *not* her own!" Dear, dear.

April 28—Mr. Hart announces in Public Speaking that his wife will be home Saturday, leaving only seven without 'em.

April 29—Prexy is presented with a huge basket of roses; his birthday is tomorrow. We all wish him many happy returns.

Freshman-Sophomore Forensic Contest. We must confess that Mitchell was the surprise of the evening. Sophs won. Dear me, yes.

April 30—Delta Delta Delta guest dance, a most enjoyable affair.

Millikin Baseball vs. Knox. Defeat too overwhelming to be recorded.

Pi Phi Founder's Day luncheon with Illinois Zeta Chapter as guests of the local actives and alumnae.

THE SWEETEST WORDS.

From his girl: "I don't care to go to Sam's."
" the Prof.: "You passed."
" a friend: "Here's the money I owe you."
" Father: "Enclosed find $50."
" Mother: "Your card shows you have studied hard."

THE SADDEST WORDS.

From Prexy: "Sing No. 195."
" Dr. Wald: "There will be no school tomorrow."
" the Bank: "Your account is overdrawn."
" Central: "The line is busy."
" the Dean: "Report at my office at 2:30 today."
" Brenner: "The "Dec." will be out a week late this issue."
" Miss Allen: "Let's have less talking, please."
" Dean Walker: "I wouldn't sit on the stairs."

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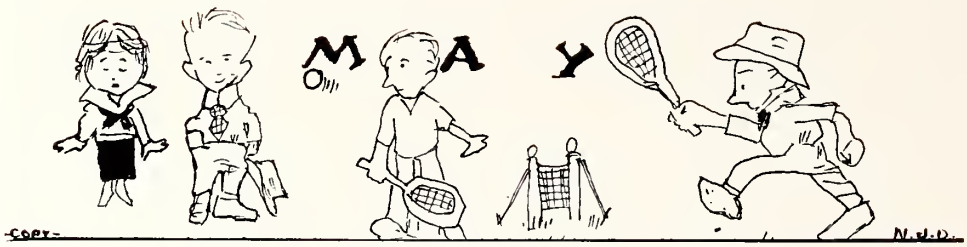

May 1—Ha, for the "Merrie month of Mae" with its campus strolls, its love games and other tennis matches.

May 2—Pan-Hellenic hears report of Interstate Pan-Hel. convention held in Indiana. Brownie is quite a reporter. We're glad she went.

Pi Mu Theta initiates its sixteen pledges. They appear with gorgeous American Beauties. Wish't I wuz a 'nitiate every day.

May 3—Mm. Tuesday. Let's see. Oh, I remember. I cut chapel. Had to go down to the Herald on Millidek dope. Believe me, next time I work on an annual, I'm going to follow the instructions offered here-in.

May 4—Senior Cut Day. These Seniors! Will they never grow up? Missed what the Herald called "an exceedingly clever" chapel talk by L. E. E. Subject, "Having Time for People." Almost opening sentence, "I haven't gone to a movie with any one for over a month." Here's your chance, Percy.

May 5—Helen Machan approaches Dr. Wald and asks if she may make up her absence of Senior Cut Day. "You said it was a *cut*, didn't you?" asked Dr. Wald.

Nuff sed. Evelyn Wait receives two bath tubs of flowers at her Senior recital.

May 6—Ask Jewell how she likes alarm clocks on the poles in her window. Specially when they go off about 4:15 A. M.

Millikin Track vs. Illinois College.

Pi Mu Theta's first annual dance at the Orlando. You should have seen the Dean and Dr. Conant playing cards! Oh, yes, they did.

It is now DEAN WALD. We are glad.

Twila Miller, Dandelion Queen.

May 7—Junior-Senior Prom. Gee! I'm almost too sleepy to say anything brilliant about it.

Thelma goes to San Jose. Billy Hayes comes to Decatur.

Freshman-Soph reception for high school seniors last night, too.

SHINING LIGHTS

Motto

Roses are red, violets are blue.
Our hair is red, don't you wish yours was too?

Colors—Brick Red *Flower*—Carrot

Poem

"Breathes there a man with head so red,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, I think it's grand
And I wouldn't part with a single strand."

Members

Erskine, Ward, Elsie, Sammy, Sanders, MacIntyre, Reaich, Whitsitt, Beckwith, Hurtt.

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May 9—Millikin baseball vs. St. Viator. We compile a partial list of explanations of

WHY MILLIDEK EDITORS EAT BICHLORIDE OF MERCURY.

THING I

"Hello, how is the *Millidek* coming?"

THING II

"Are you going to have a good joke section?"

THING III

Underclassman: "Have our pictures come back yet?"

THING IV

"There must be an awful lot of work to do on the Annual, isn't there?"

THING V

"Don't you dare put in that picture of our mid-night frolic!"

THING VI

"I don't mind the joke, but leave my name out of it."

THING VII

"Will the *Millidek* be out on time?"

May 10—Helen Gene Cantrall's voice recital. She charms, as ever.

May 11—Millikin vs. Wesleyan. Yes, baseball.

Senior chapel. Mr. Hart speaks. He tells us confidentially that his appearance makes two good Senior chapels in succession.

May 12—Nurses of Macon county hospital hold commencement exercises in Kaeuper Hall.

May 13—Founder's Day. Campus Day!

Let us play and be quite gay!
Go to chapel—good for the soul.
Then to the campus—good for a stroll.
Then 'bout noon, an attractive lunch—
Served by the Y—that's my "hunch."

"Some Founder's Day!" In concert we say: "We like to celebrate this-a-way."

Millikin baseball nine plays Knox. Likewise Millikin track.

May 14—Several hundred participants and rooters come for the Interscholastic meet. We would have written it up in the athletic section, but time forbade. Hence read it here:

FIRST ANNUAL MILLIKIN INTERSCHOLASTIC.

Leading high schools from all parts of the state entered the first annual interscholastic the university has held. Its success was unparalleled. Millikin added to the usual competition in track and field events, competitive contests in oratory, serious and humorous readings, piano, voice and violin.

According to Coach Wann and others of the athletic management, the success of the meet was largely due to the efforts of the student committee in charge. Its membership included:

MANAGER

E. R. KILBRIDE

Junior Assistants

R. A. BARRACKS — O. DIEHL

Sophomore Assistants

H. PFEFFER — S. SMITH
B. ENGLEMAN — H. HUNT

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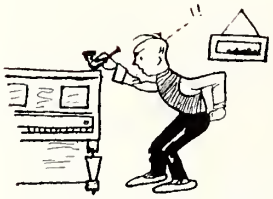

Mr. Coffee:: "Who was here last night?"

Helen: "Only Mary."

Mr. C.: "Well, tell Mary that she left her pipe on the piano."

Snap-shots taken at the athletic meet will appear in next year's *Millidek.*

May 15—We wish to announce that Catherine Milligan, '20, is here to see us for three days.

May 16—B'lieve we neglected to mention the scholarship chapel we had. An outside speaker and then silver keys to Mildred Wiley, Helen Machan and Hubert Robertson. If all goes well these three will turn in the silver and receive the gold keys at commencement time.

May 17—Mrs. Rose Borch's Song Pageant. A most colorful piece of work. In addition to the singing by twelve girls, each representing a different month of the year, attractive stage setting, unusual lighting effects, and dancing under the direction of Miss Mollie Grubel, contributed to the perfection of the evening.

May 18—When nothin' else unusual happens we allers have a baseball game to fall back on. Today it's Millikin vs. Wesleyan again.

May 19—We begin to realize that there is not much time left for us to get in back papers in history, education, English, government, etc.

May 20—If you'd ever trie dto write up stuff when you had nothing, absolutely nothing to say, you'd appreciate my feelings right now.

May 21—Pi Beta Phi spring guest dance. Ditto S. A. I. dance.

May 22—Tri Delt reunion.

May 23—As we said four or five days ago—'nother baseball game. Millikin vs. Eureka, and Tri Delt mother's party.

May 25—If it weren't for our baseball team, we'd surely be all out of luck when it comes to gettin' "scoops" on the happenings of the day. We travel to Illinois College.

The first of the Spring Music Festival—New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

May 26—The *Messiah* given by the Oratorio Choir with the St. Louis Orchestra.

May 27—Different orchestra—played for Kappa Delt dance.

State meet here.

May 30—You see I skipped a few days. Thot I couldn't write anything, didn't you? Well, I could, but most of the time was dedicated to preparing for finals that begin tomorrow.

Teke breakfast this morning. Yes, this morning.

May 31—Just as I said; examinations begin.

When as a Freshman to college I went
I was much too oft on pleasure bent.
But oh, I heartily did repent
When home at last my grades were sent.

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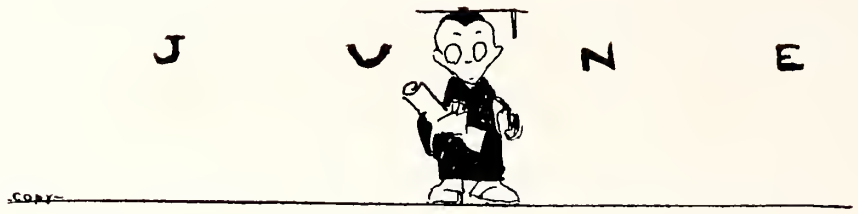

June 1—A Sophomore, I lived in the Dorm—
Gone were my wonderful plans to reform;
For I scorned to work, as Sophomores will
And rather low grades pursued me still.

June 2—At last a Junior I came to be,
The marks I received were good to see.
I 'stablished a sort of reputation
As a Senior I pray for its continuation.

* * * *

But examinations are finished today
And I shall end my roundelay.

June 3—Annual Conservatory Kindergarten demonstration.

June 4—Conservatory commencement concert.
Dramatic Art Club play.

June 5—Baccalaureate sermon. A most impressive service.

June 6—Class Day. The Seniors do their "Fare-the-well for we must leave thee" to the various buildings, make public the class will and poem, etc.

June 7—Having done all of which they move their tassels from right to left side as they receive their diplomas.
This is Commencement Day.
Alumni luncheon this evening—and a campus sing.

June 6—Might as well include this. It's quite an event. Harris-Hayes 10 o'clock wedding.

WISE SAYINGS.

It's a wise man that knows his own shirt when it comes from the Chink laundry.

Rodgers: "A girl in town is worth six in the dorm."
Brenner: "He that falleth in love with himself shall have no rival."
Aston Hallites: "Things forbidden have a secret charm."
Doc Anderson: "He who knows little soon repeats it."
Coach Wann forbids basketball men to smoke. All but 10 obey.

Diehl (waking up from nap over his paper): "Oh, is it this late?"
Schroll: "Oh no! I just came home for my overcoat."

V. Reinhart: "You know it takes a late date to get acquainted with the fellows."

Risley: "What is space?"
B. Engleman: "Well, I can't just describe it, but I have it in my head."

Galloway asking the blessing at the Tuck house: "O Lord, bless this food, and may it abide with us over night."

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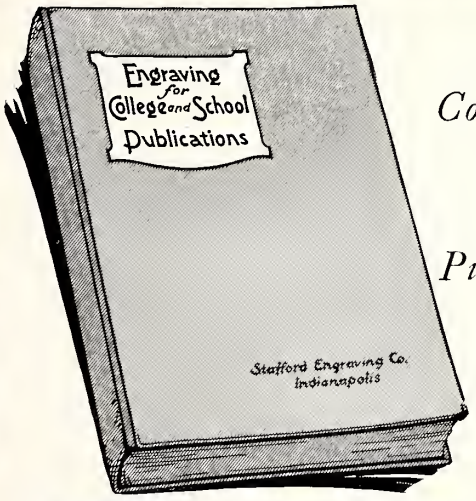
Cordially,
THE EDITORS.



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Duncan: "Good heavens! the clock just struck one, and I promised your mother I'd leave at twelve."

Louise (comfortably): "Good. We've eleven more hours yet."

CHAPEL AGAIN.

A prayer, a song
Another prayer, another song
So life goes on
And on, and on
Doggone.

Mr. Manning: "Son, can't you cut down your expenses?"
Hubert: "Well, I might get along without books."

Reminiscences of 1918.

NEVERMORPS.

Students Army Training Corps,
You sure made us awful sorps.
Clumsy, tiresome, hopeless borps,
We were shot, but shed no gorps—
Studied little, pokered morps,
Raked the campus, scrubbed the florps,
Played the peeler, watched the storps,
Soaked up goulash, learned to snorps,
Had experience galorps
'Nough to make an angel rorps,
Now, imposter, all is orps.
Fare you well—please shut the dorps—
Student's Army Training Corps.

Had you heard that Ebe Spence wouldn't go to the First All Student dance until late so he wouldn't have to trade any dances?

If this is your style, read it:

DEPARTMENT OF CAMPUSTRY AND CORRIDOROLOGY

Prof. Fawcett, D. D. D. F. ..... Professor of Spoonology
Prof. Rut Ward, D. F. A. H. ..... Dean of Campustry
Prof. L. Hamilton, F. R. A. ..... Instructor in Radiator Work
Prof. I. Smith, K. L. O. G. ..... Prof. of Moonlight Ethics

Courses.

1. General Fussing ..... 2 hours weekly
This course is designed for those who have had previous work of this kind, but not enough to qualify for Course II. Credit is not given unless full course is completed. Text: Mrs. Browning's "Love Sonnets."

2. Course leading to engagement ..... 6 hours weekly
Includes moonlight excursions, talks on porch steps, and explorations Text: Jean Libby, "Advice on Courtship and Marriage."

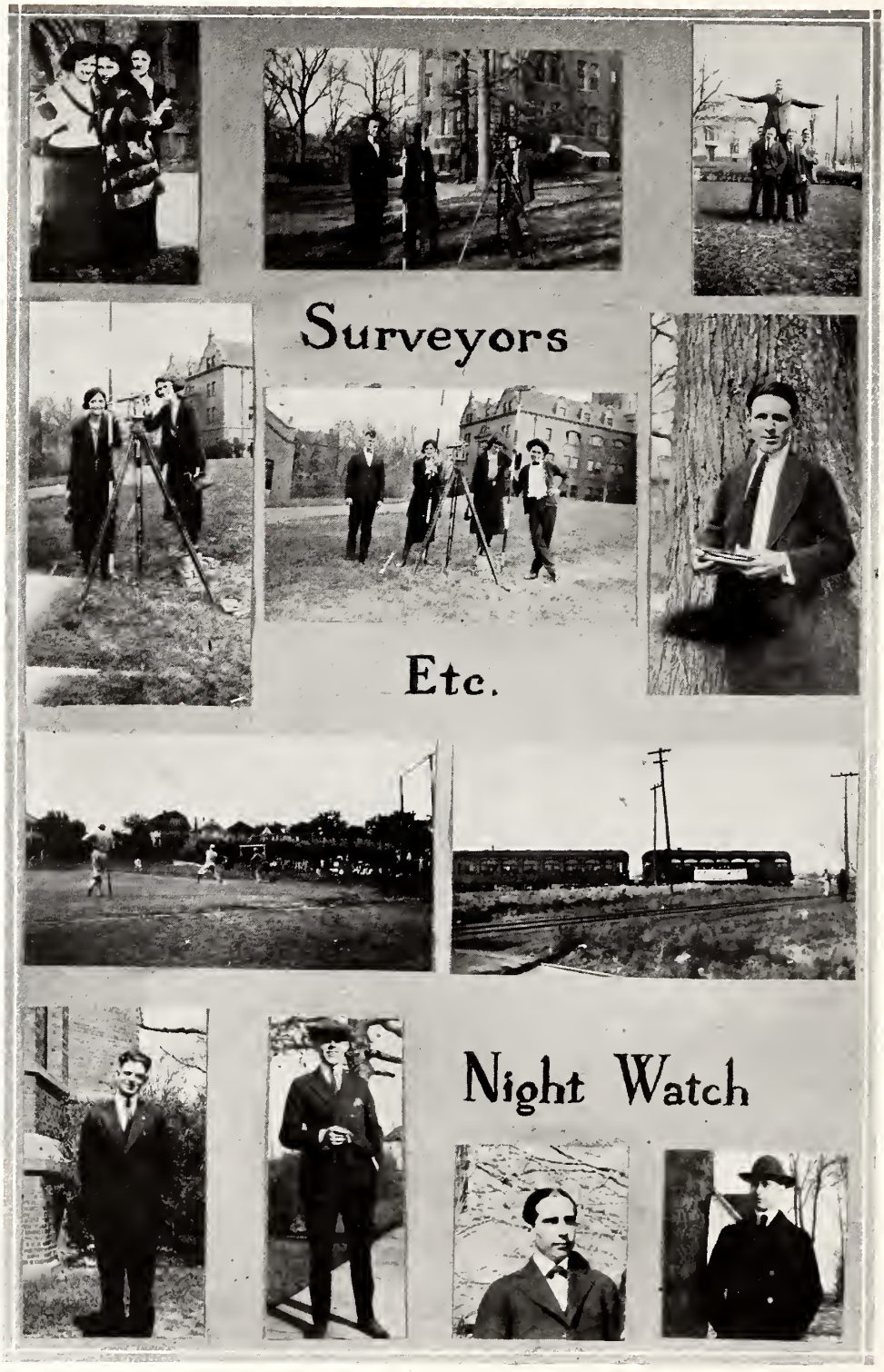
3. Post Major ..... Indefinite Time.
This course is open only to those who expect to make this their life work. Course consists wholly of research work and osculatory vibrations and no test is used.

Students enrolled by courses.

Dr. Conant: "What have you read?"
F. Erskine: "I have red hair."

H. Robertson (to himself).

"In the world's bivouac of life
I have thrown my bated line; Oh, I hope the girls will bite.
I'm not like the dumb, driven bachelor, I'm a hero—I'll take a wife."


Surveyors
Etc.
Night Watch

Seniors-Juniors
Soph's-Freshmen

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A WORD OF APPRECIATION.

Some two hundred forty pages and not a line to call my own. Surely the time has come, and the space permits an editor to let you know whom to congratulate on the 1921 Millidek. Not the editor—that is certain (but she will gladly receive all adverse criticisms to keep them away from the rest). You really want to know? Then here is "Who and why."

June Davidson, Bernice Deetz and Margaret McIntyre for pen and ink drawings; Miss Robbins for some full page drawings and much kindly advice; Ruth Tucker and Gladys Phillis for work in the Class and Organizations department; Helen McDonald for lettering; Jenna Birks, subscription campaign manager; Thelma Scott for being a live photographer—these and many others I cannot name. Miss Lutz for advising. Mr. Hart and Mr. Casey for words of counsel. These are those who have made the Millidek possible.

These and such a Millidek Board as ne'er was assembled before. I feel sure, quite sure, that no editor in times past or times to come has been or will be so loyally supported by a staff. Those features which you like—Mary Jane's letters, art work, jokes, athletic news, oh, all these things—they are not the creatures of my brain, but of the various department editors'. To them all credit. And not content with doing their own work well, many have offered to help out in mounting pictures, reading proof, etc. If you wish to congratulate, begin with Louise.

Yes, Millidek Board, the Junior Class, and others have made possible this book. Millikin spirit marking them each and all. And this willingness, this zest, this cooperation will make possible other year books better than this; for we have finished. The end is here; you have read the last story; chuckled over the last joke; turned a last time to the dedication; you have finished the calendar and read the advertisements. Yes, the end is here. May you smile as you are reminded of the joyous happenings of this last college year. May you smile as you think of friendships true; or other things that appeal to you—even you as I.

And so—

FAREWELL!

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More Millikinites